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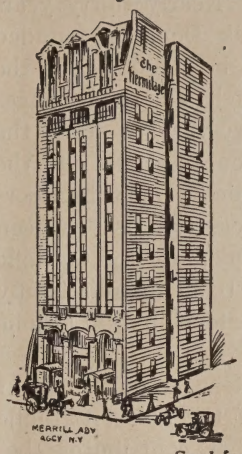

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ANNOUNCEMENT.

The July issue — beginning the sixtieth volume — is the last number of Donahoe's Magazine, which has passed into the ownership of the Catholic World, New York. Nearly thirty years ago the late Patrick Donahoe founded this publication, to be "a book for the people" and through all the changes of fortune and every-varying needs the Magazine has striven to carry out the purpose of its existence. Our subscribers can best bear witness that is has been "a book for the people," for the Catholic people, bringing to them many a happy hour in the companionship of Catholic writers.

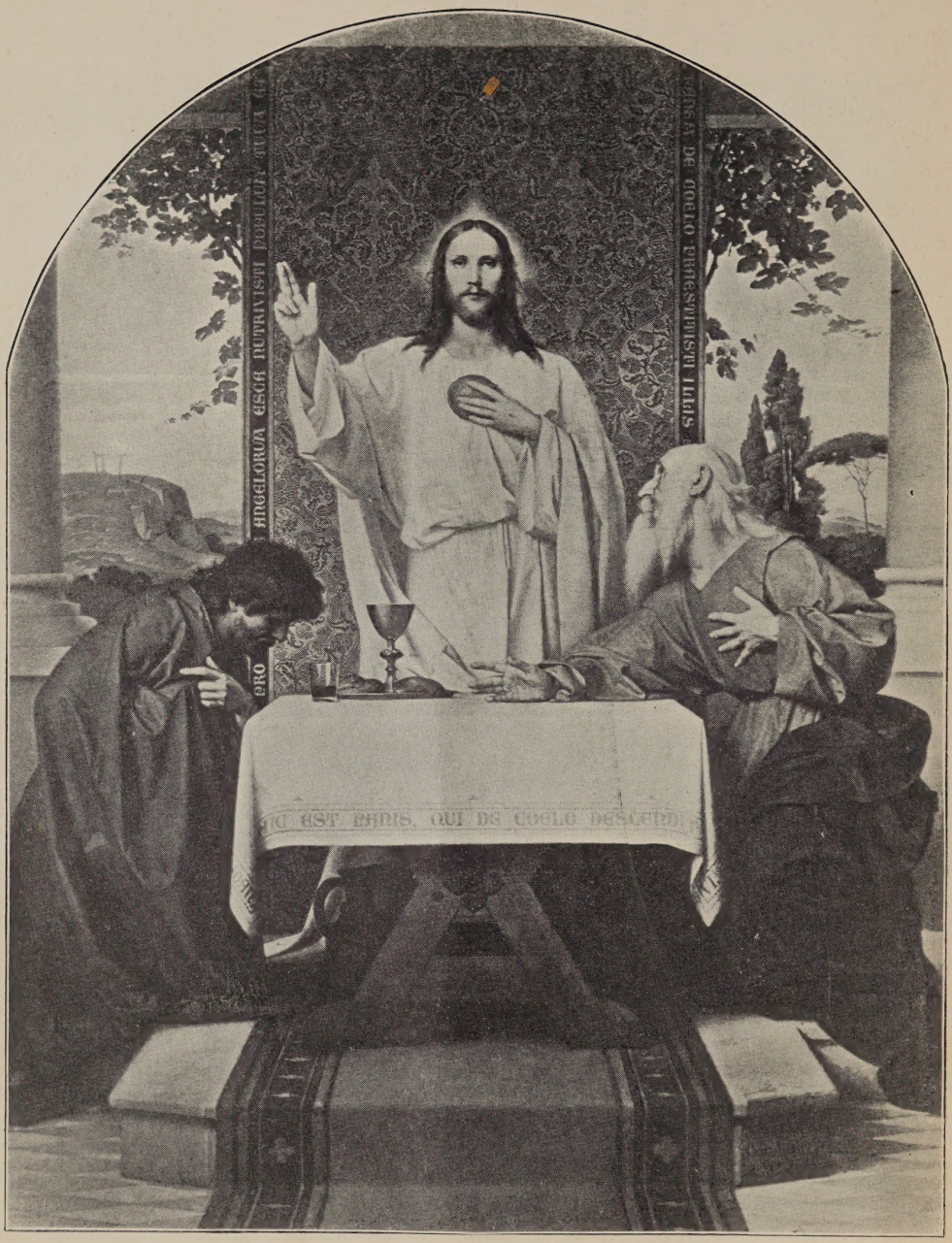
It was our privilege to give to our readers the work of the ablest Catholic writers,—among other contributors being His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons; Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D.D.; Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.; Rt. Rev. John J. Keane, D. D.; Rev. Thomas I. Gasson, S.J.; Rev. P. J. Cormican, S.J.; Rt. Rev. William Stang, D.D.; Very Rev. J. Hogan, S.S.; Rev. J. A. Zahm, C.S.C.; Mary Elizabeth Blake; Hon. Charles Bonaparte; Hon. Wilfrid Laurier; Rev. John Talbot Smith; Hon. Morgan J. O'Brien; Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet; Maurice Francis Egan; Rev. Eugene O'Growney; Susan L. Emery; Katherine Tynan; Rosa Mulholland; Louise Imogen Guiney; Mary West; Anna T. Sadlier; Rev. James B. Dollard; Rev. Hugh F. Blunt; Henry Coyle; Rev. Wm. O'Brien Pardow, S.J.; Seumas MacManus; James Jeffrey Roche; Rev. Francis A. Cunningham; Katherine E.Conway; Denis A.McCarthy, J. I. C. Clarke; Richard L. Clarke; Rose Hawthorne Lathrop; Rev. T. Brosnahan, S.J.,; Dr. Thomas Dwight; Eleanor C. Donnelly; Amadeus, O.S.F.; Rev. Henry A. Brann, D.D.; Grace Keon; John Redmond; Michael Davitt; William O'Brien; R. Barry O'Brien; Michael MacDonagh; T. D. Sullivan; Edward F. McSweeney; Hon. John W. Goff; and many others whose contributions will be gratefully recalled by our readers.

In many ways DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has been an influence for good. It has brought to light much Catholic talent, directing it to its fullest development; it has encouraged many young writers on the road to literary fame; its columns have ever been open to any cause worthy of Catholic support. It is needless to speak of our illustrations and other special features, each one having its own sphere of usefulness in a Catholic magazine. Perhaps the most gratifying thought of all now that the Magazine's independent career has drawn to a close is that it was a career of usefulness, diligently spent in fulfilling an honorable, helpful mission, and bringing together in friendship writers and readers from all parts of the world.

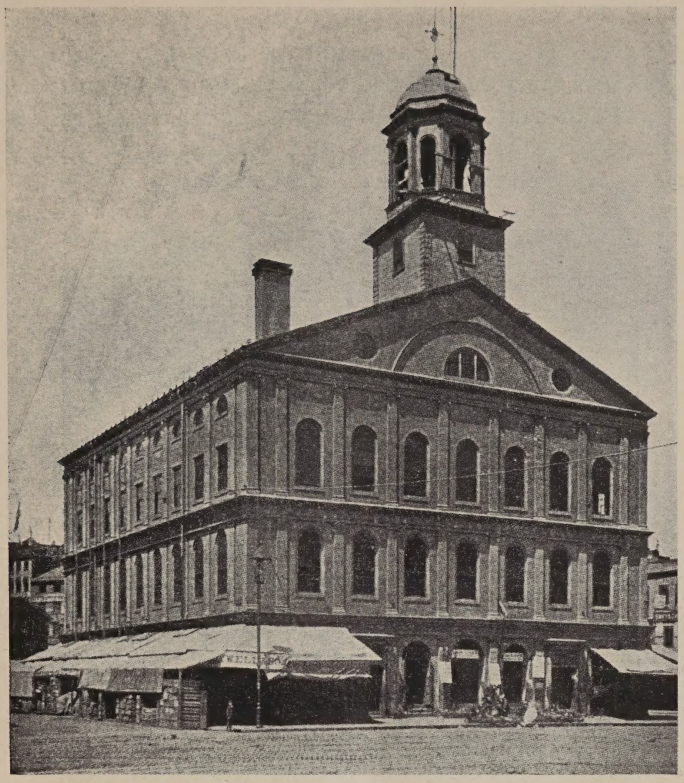
In conclusion we wish to express our grateful thanks to our contributors and our readers, — our friends, — from whom we part with regret, yet assured that they will continue to aid the cause of Catholic literature by giving to the *Catholic World* the loyal, generous support which made it possible for us to bear the heat and burden of many a day of trial.

There is a common good for which all Catholics must work, and to be permitted to aid the Paulists in their missionary labors by helping to extend the field of the *Catholic World* is no small privilege. The editor-in-chief, the Rev. Thomas Burke, so widely known as a pulpit orator, deserves equally high regard for his work on the Catholic press, and in introducing our readers to him we feel assured that he will provide for them, abundantly, entertainment of mind and refreshment of spirit.

Lauretta.
Jules-Lefebvre



"Oh, how can we thank Thee
For a gift like this,
Gift that truly maketh
Heaven's eternal bliss?"



FANEUIL HALL, BOSTON.
Where Convention of United Irish League will be held.

CONVENTION OF THE UNITED IRISH LEAGUE OF AMERICA.

BY JAMES DINEEN.

Among the conventions to be held in Boston during the coming months is one of special interest to readers of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, the National Convention of the United Irish League of America, in Faneuil Hall, September 22-23.

This will be the fourth in the history of the League. The constitution provides for a congress every two years. The first was held in Faneuil Hall in 1902 and was attended by John Redmond, John Dillon, the late Michael Davitt and Edward Blake, then a member of the Irish Party, but since retired on account of ill-health. The subsequent conventions were held in New York and Philadelphia.

In sending out the call to the various branches, the President, Mr. Michael J. Ryan, stated that the choice of Boston was made by a practically unanimous vote of the national executive committee. John E. Redmond, chairman of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and Joseph Devlin, M.P. for West Belfast, will attend, and the assembly is expected to be one of the most important in the history of the Irish movement in this country. Since the last convention Ireland has made

substantial progress. The Irish Party has compelled the enactment of a measure for providing comfortable cottages with one acre allotments for thirty thousand additional agricultural laborers, secured the passage of a measure confirming marked benefits on town tenants, and caused the repeal of the Arms Act. It has also secured large grants for the encouragement of the Gaelic language, and has rendered great service in the congested districts in the west by the breaking up and distribution of the grass lands among the people. A bill is now before Parliament to secure higher educational facilities for the Catholic youth of Ireland.

JOHN E. REDMOND.
Leader of the Irish Party.

"The settlement of the Irish University question is now practically accomplished," Mr. Ryan asserts. "After fruitless attempts repeatedly made during the past forty years a bill is now before Parliament—and in all probability will have become a law before our convention

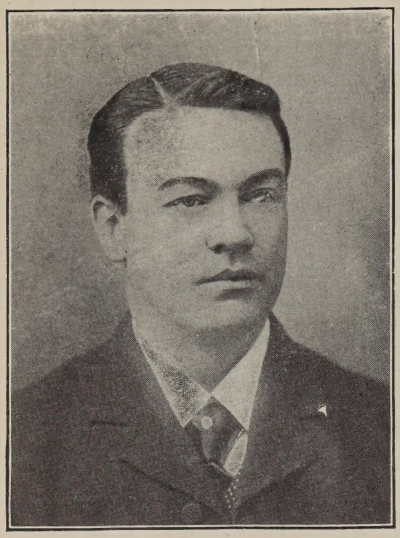
is held—enabling the Catholic youth of Ireland, for the first time in three centuries, to secure educational facilities on a basis substantially equal to that of their Protestant fellow countrymen. This achievement is regarded in Ireland as one of the most important that has ever been placed to the credit of an Irish National Party.

"An amending Land Bill, providing for the compulsory expropriation of those landlords like Lord Clanricarde who have refused to meet their tenants in the matter of land purchase, will likewise be introduced during the present session of Parliament; while the odious law relating to "contempt of court" is almost certain of repeal.

"Twice within the past month the elected chamber of the British Parliament has demonstrated its desire to have Ireland governed according to Irish ideas; first, when it voted by a majority of two to one in favor of Mr. Redmond's motion demanding *full National Self Government for Ireland*, and again when it voted by a majority of 201 to 76 in favor of the repeal of the Coercion Act passed by the Tories in 1887.

"These facts indicate a marked advance in English thought and offer a substantial guarantee that Ireland's demand for

MICHAEL J. RYAN, PHILADELPHIA.
National President United Irish League of America.



JOSEPH DEVLIN.
Member for West Galway.

complete National Self-Government is sure to be fulfilled in the near future, if she can but maintain her present efficient organization.

"We urge the members of the United Irish League of America, therefore, to spare no pains in making the coming National Convention in Boston the most successful that has yet been held in America. We trust that no branch of our organization will be unrepresented, and we hope that additional branches will at once be established and send representatives to the convention."

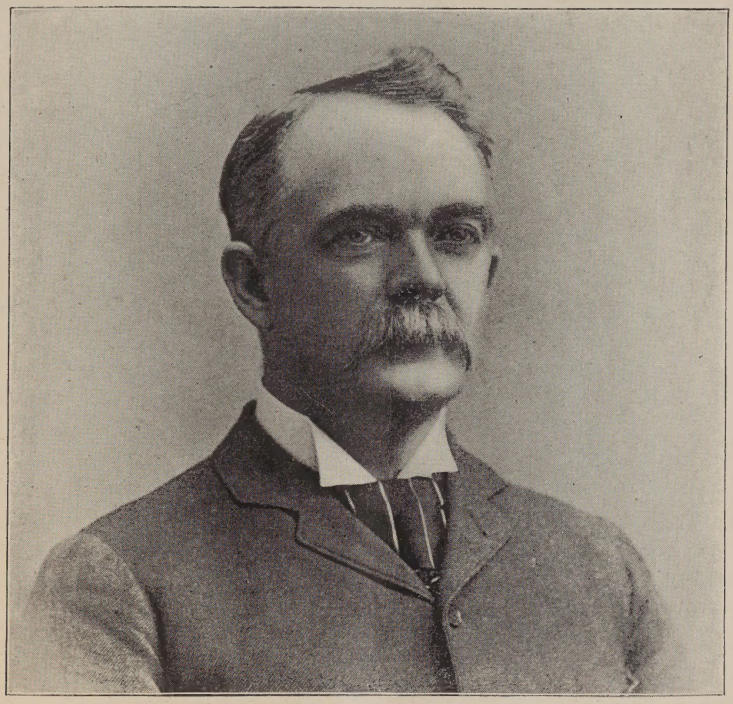
In coming to America at this time Mr. Redmond and Mr. Devlin are making a personal sacrifice, and immediately on their return to London, they will be obliged to resume their parliamentary duties. One of the most important measures, the Irish University Bill, and a bill to amend the Land Act, will occupy the attention of Parliament probably until the middle of August, and after a recess of four or five weeks the House of Commons will reopen in October. Writing of this active parliamentary year in the *Irish World*, New York; Mr. John O'Callaghan says: "All the indications point to a vigorous policy being pursued by the Irish National Party during the fall and winter, so that it is a matter of very great difficulty for Mr. Redmond to leave Ireland even for a brief period. It is doubtful if he can do more than attend the convention itself and return immediately to take charge of the campaign in Ireland, although, if it is possible for him to do so, the organization in Philadelphia, New York, and some other large cities will endeavor to induce him to speak in those places."

The members of the United Irish League in Boston are preparing to give their distinguished guests an enthusiastic welcome, to show their appreciation of what has been done for Ireland. Few men are better known in America than Mr. Redmond and his colleague. The former as chairman of the Irish Party for eight years has shown a capacity for statesmanship which critics admit has rarely been surpassed. Mr. Devlin has organized numerous branches of the League throughout the United States and Canada, and two years ago he visited Australia on a similar work. He at present represents in Parliament the west division of Belfast. He succeeded in winning the seat from the Unionist candidate at the last general election, being strongly supported by the younger element. His energy as an organizer has been an important factor of the Irish movement, and at present he is general secretary of the League in Ireland.

Some years ago when William T. Stead, editor of *The Review of Reviews*, published a series of articles "Coming Men on Coming Questions" Mr. Redmond discussed

"The Financial Case for Home Rule." In introducing him Mr. Stead paid tribute to his ability as a statesman and leader.

"There are many things doubtful about the Parliament that is about to be elected. But two things are certain. One is that the Unionists will be in a minority in the next House of Commons. attitude of irreconcilable opposition to the British empire and the Government thereof, Mr. Redmond would have had a better chance than most men to be Prime Minister. He has the qualities of the post. He is a gentleman. He is the greatest of our modern parliamentarians. He is an admirable debater, a superb



T. B. FITZPATRICK.
National Treasurer United Irish League.

The other is that the Nationalist Irishmen will come back as strong as they have ever been; that is to say, they will be in a majority of more than five to one over all other Irishmen in the House.

"And of these four score stout-hearted fighting men, John Redmond is the fighting chief.

"If only the Irish had not been forced by one hundred years of wrong into an leader, a man of dispassionate intellect, of sound sympathies and of splendid courage. And he has around him a group of colleagues, half a dozen of whom would grace any cabinet. . . .

"His readiness in debate, his self-control, his keen appreciation of the vital points in Parliamentary strategy speedily made him a power in the House of Commons.

"One of the greatest of our imperial

statesmen, who watched the proceedings in the Parliamentary arena from the distant post in which he was serving the empire, declared, four years ago, that, in his opinion, Mr. Redmond was the ablest Parliamentarian in the present House of Commons. Mr. Redmond is a politician first, a politician second and a politician third. As an individual entity he is almost unknown to any except his intimates. But he has brought keen intelligence to the study of the science of politics. He has given his mind to it, and spent days and nights in acquiring knowledge of all the niceties and rules of Parliamentary procedure.

"He is embarrassed by no fear of mutinies in his rear, and he is conscious of being armed with the mandate of the Irish race. As a speaker he is effective, fluent and eloquent."

So much for the leader of the Irish Party. Writing in this Magazine, in August, 1903, Mr. Michael MacDonagh, gave a most interesting account of the methods pursued by the Party Mr. Redmond represents. In view of the coming convention there are many who will like to read how he and his colleagues are regarded in the House of Commons.

"No matter what Government may be in power, Liberal, or Tory and Union-

JOHN O'CALLAGHAN.
National Secretary United Irish League.

ist, the Irish Party in the Imperial Parliament always sits on the benches below the gangway on the opposition side of the House of Commons, to the left of the Speaker, facing the Ministerialists massed on the benches to the Speaker's right. The gangways, I may mention, are passages which divide the benches at both sides of the House into two equal sections. The benches above the gangway, on each side, are occupied by the loyal and unquestioning supporters of the authorized programmes of the British parties—both Government and Opposition—and on the benches below the gangway sit the free lances, or the more independent members. I remember well the exciting incidents which sprang from this propinquity of elements so antagonistic during the discussion of the clauses of Gladstone's Home Rule Bill of 1893. Looking down on the House from the serene altitude of the Reporters' Gallery, I have seen men, sitting side by side on these benches, glaring with unutterable hatred into each other's faces.

"Nationalists have sat on these benches below the gangway on the Opposition side since Parnell became leader, in order to demonstrate that they hold themselves distinct and separate from all British parties, and on these benches they will sit, no matter who is in office or who is out of office until Home Rule is carried.

"For sixteen years I have looked down from the Reporters' Gallery on the Irish benches. The faces of those who occupy them change from time to time; but that is all—the type of member has always been the same. In the group are farmers, shopkeepers, journalists, doctors, lawyers, and even landlords; poor men and wealthy men; men of temperaments as varied as their callings; cultured men, and men of limited education; men of different views and opinions on general political questions—some Conservative, some Liberal, some Radical. But such is the homogeneity of the Irish Parliamentary Party, such is its iron discipline, the singleness of its object, the unanimity of its point of view, such is its guiding principle that everything must be subordinate to the cause of Ireland, that to the spectator the Party seems as eighty souls with but a single thought, eighty hearts that beat as one. Collectively the Irish Party in the House of Commons is rebellious and tempestuous, collectively the great historic traditions of Parliament make no appeal to it; collectively, it is defiant of authority when the Speaker or the Leader of the House seeks to thwart it in its object; collectively it asserts unbridled license in the assertion of its own views; collectively it is intolerant of the free and outspoken expression of opinions antagonistic to its policy or tactics.

"The Irish Party holds securely a position of immense political power and importance in the House of Commons. Undoubtedly, it owes that position to its detachment from general political questions, its aloofness from all British political parties, and the manner in which its members for a quarter of a century have made themselves unpleasant and inconvenient, by striking out, right, left and centre, at every one they conceived to be a foe to Ireland. They are feared. In politics there is no such thing as gratitude. The Irish Party, certainly, is not grateful. Neither can it afford to be resentful. The Liberal Party wrecked itself by adopting Home Rule. The Conservative Party has fought determinedly and so far successfully the main object of the Irish Party—the setting up of a local Parliament in

Ireland. Yet these facts have no influence in determining from session to session the policy of the Irish Party. Its members have no qualms of conscience either in leaving the Liberals in the lurch on questions of general politics, or in allying themselves with the Tories, when they see a chance of serving Ireland. But though they are, in a sense, the Ishmaels of the House of Commons, it must not be supposed that therefore they are regarded with hatred and distrust. The commanding abilities of many members of the Party; the earnestness, enthusiasm, and honesty of all, are recognized and respected. Indeed, I think I may say they are generally popular."

A PICTURE.

BY REV. J. J. O'BRIEN, S.J.

"Ideal beauty ever blest,"
And such as poet-saint may see;
The Babe asleep on Mary's breast —
And Mary? — Ah, awake is she!
And fix'd in contemplation blest
Her rapt eyes on the features rest
Of God asleep upon her breast!

Secure He lies in sweet repose,
A dew-drop sleeping on a flower,
A pansy pillowed on a rose,
A violet in virgin bower,
Immortal now a mortal's dower,
Asleep each sense, and for the hour
Omnipotence in Mary's power!

O picture soothing human heart
Still may I gaze and gaze on thee,
Ideal of the painter's art,
Till throbs my heart as throbs the sea,
And in my soul this truth finds rest —
How much He loved that Mother blest
This Babe asleep upon her breast.

PEGGY ROE* O'GALLAGHER.

(Aetat XII).

BY SEUMAS MAC MANUS.

Your step so light, your eye so bright,
  Your air so blithe and gay,
And mouth of pearl, O, darling girl,
  Have won my heart away;
And golden hair, and brow so fair,
  And your every word's soft flow—
My handsome Peggy, winsome Peggy,
  Charming Peggy Roe!
My lithesome Peggy, blithesome Peggy,
  'Witching Peggy Roe.

The lambkin's step is not so light
  When frisking on the lea,
The thrush's voice is not more sweet
  When calling from the tree;
The star of night 's not half so bright
  As Peggy's eye of sloe.
O, handsome Peggy, winsome Peggy,
  Charming Peggy Roe!
O, lithesome Peggy, blithesome Peggy,
  Coaxing Peggy Roe!

My Peggy's smile would light all lands
  Within the world's wide ring;
The gold that glistens on her hair
  Is ransom for a king.
The sweetness of the angels, sure,
  Is on the brow of snow
Of handsome Peggy, winsome Peggy,
  Charming Peggy Roe!
Of lithesome Peggy, blithesome Peggy,
  Priceless Peggy Roe!

I'd walk the world with Peggy,
  And I'd brave the angry skies,
I'd dare all dangers of the way
  And count it paradise,
For sweeter, truer Irish girl
  Our land did never show
Than handsome Peggy, winsome Peggy,
  Charming Peggy Roe!
Lithesome Peggy, blithesome Peggy,
  Peerless Peggy Roe!

*Red-haired.

THE DIARY OF AN EXILED NUN.

TRANSLATED BY DANIEL F. DESMOND.

Chapter XI. (Continued.)

Saturday, April 8.

Despite the desire of my parents to keep Sister Joseph Mary it was impossible for them to do so. At present Sister is living at the Priory. What dolors has her poor heart endured! And yet she has a refined noble soul that rises above afflictions and reposes in God through prayer and recollection. Sister is presently to visit our alumnae and with their help will seek pupils wishing to take piano lessons.

Last evening, the poor exiled nun who was found at the Priory door passed away at the almshouse. Her last moments were spent in acts of resignation and love.

Our former novice, Sister of the Nativity, called at my home to tell me of her prospects. She is going to be married next month. She told me this in the same matter-of-fact way in which she would tell me of any duty of hers. For indeed she considers the match as a duty. She has accepted because the success of her parents' business and the prospects of her sister are at stake. But for all that she loves Mr. E— a little and esteems him very highly.

"I will undertake my new duties with all my heart and I pray that God will bless our union," she said.

Sister is as plain and practical as ever. And she will always be so. What an excellent Christian woman she will make! If ever the day comes when the Priory is restored there will be no misgivings for our former novice, Sister of the Nativity. Nor will Sister have any regrets. She is too sensible to regret having done her duty. She is going to marry after having weighed the matter well, after having prayed to God, and sought the advice of others. But even so, I could not help shedding tears as Sister told me of her purpose.

Oh my religious life, my cloister, my Sisters, my children, now I regret you more than ever!

Friday, April 14.

With the news of Sister of the Nativity's marriage still deeply impressed on my mind I called at the home of our other novice, Sister Mary Agnes, "the lily of the convent," as we called her.

On the occasion of my last visit I had found Sister sad and uneasy, and I was anxious to call on her again. The moment I greeted her I saw by her eyelids that she had been weeping.

"Yes," she humbly avowed, "I have been shedding tears. Yes, yes, I have no courage; I am cowardly."

Then with a sweet simplicity she told me that the son of one of her father's friends had sought her hand in marriage and that she did not wish on any account to change her state.

"Then you should tell your parents what you think," I advised.

"That is not as simple as it appears," she said. "They are so good to me, and they entreat me so earnestly to accept this proposal, that I dare not inflict pain upon them."

I tried to appear calm and patient before this delicate, timid creature. She told me all about the young man. He is very good. In fact he has all the qualities that her parents could desire in a son-in-law.

"So you see," she added, "there is no human motive for my refusal; but my whole being revolts against the idea. I have always desired to live for God and for God alone."

She then repeated in a voice trembling with emotion those grand words of St. Agnes: "My troth is in my Spouse, in Him Whom angels serve, in Him whose beauty the stars revere. I love Jesus born of a virgin mother, the offspring of God. To love Him is to be without stain; to touch Him is to be pure; to be His spouse is to be more than ever a virgin fair. The world and the splendor of this life I set at naught, for in Him Whom I have seen I have placed my love; Him Whom I have believed, Whom I choose before all else."

We talked together for some time on our vocation and on God's choice of such lowly creatures as ourselves. We talked also of our work, of those poor children of ours who feel worse than ourselves this criminal expulsion. Before I departed Sister said she would take my advice and tell her parents not to mention the proposed match during the next two or three weeks. In the meantime we shall pray.

I am sure that Sister's place in this world is in the religious state. From now on I will be with her as often as possible. I will send her some well chosen lives of the saints and I will try to get her to interest herself in some girls' club, or do some work among our poor.

Yes, our poor: As the time goes on the condition of this class becomes worse, and, alas, we can do but little to relieve them. Two of our children of the free classes, who were in extreme want of food and whom we could not succor, have lately taken positions in a certain printing office where we would not have them work for an hour. But what can be done? People must live. Sister Mary Louise is to look after these two children.

A few days ago Reverend Mother pointed out to me a large poverty-stricken family which I was to watch over. But how can I assist when I myself have no funds on which to draw? I go to visit these poor people; I console them; I love them. But love does not fill the hungry mouths. These people want bread. If a position could be found for the father, who is about to leave the hospital, and if the mother could get some employment occasionally all would be well. But none of these can be had, neither the bread nor the work. And I have nothing to give. It is painful to be powerless at such a time as this.

Good Friday, April 21.

This morning I read in the sacred office—the words which the liturgy puts on the lips of the dying Saviour: "My people what have I done to thee? Or in what have I grieved thee?" How many a child of France could well cry out in union with Jesus: "My people what have I done to thee?" A great host of her exiled children could truly cry out, and also that numerous army of poor wretches, whom the exiled children once nourished, educated, cared for and loved!

Perhaps you are not aware, you ministers, you deputies, and you indifferent men, of the great number of that army of the poor! But even so, it is all the same. What matters it to you provided you yourselves are warm, well fed, well clothed, and your purses well filled? What do you care about misery as long as you are surrounded with luxury?

And here we are aching to relieve those

unfortunate poor. And yet our love must stop short; we can not help them. All we can do is sympathize. What pain to stand by and hear their tearful pleas and not be able to answer, to note the death of the soul which overhangs our French children and yet be unable to avert the calamity!

Poor France! And yet why should I despair? There is still in our country a deep-seated lively faith. We have among us Frenchmen who are strong, energetic Christians. These will appear when France awakens from this disastrous lethargy. It is for these men to arouse the masses. It is for us to pray that they will succeed. For these, are the grand and noble enterprises; for us, the obscure little tasks that make up our lives. A little time, and all will be organized. All the poor will be with us. Those that do not come we will seek. Those who formerly loved our costume will read the purpose of our hearts, and those who formerly fled from the sight of our religious habit will not hesitate to join us when they behold us in ordinary dress.

Chapter XII.

Easter, 1905.—A Family Festival—More Searching After Work and More Disappointment—Sister Mary Elizabeth at the Priory and Her Troubles—Sister Mary Returns—Conversion of Sister Mary Bernard's Father.

Easter Sunday, April 23.

This morning as I listened to the church bells ringing out their alleluias I was thinking of the law of Separation, that great constant object of our persecutors. See the method in their vicious business! First the Congregations, then the Church; first the religious, then the priests; first the poor children; then all Christians.

How sweetly the church bells sounded this Easter morn! From the cathedral tower in the distance came deep solemn tones; from the parish church in the neighboring street; from all sides, were heard the bells throughout the city—a magnificent concert. It seemed as if one bell were crying out its alleluias to the other and the other were sending back the strain. They were all singing the triumph of the Risen Christ. And soon they will suppress this grand aerial chorus which makes the very fibres of one's heart vibrate; soon they will proscribe this celestial harmony which stirs up the dormant faith of the most hardened soul. Why will this be? Because our liberal Government will forbid such tribute of praise. Already the nefarious work is begun. In different places the mayor has forbidden the priests to ring their church bells without permission, and there are laws now being formed which will do away altogether with this, as they say, "repulsive and foolish custom" of bell-ringing.

It does not take much commonsense to see the utter absurdity of this proceeding. The noisy hawker will still traverse the city, ringing out to his customers that he is at hand; the buffoons, too, will go on with the clamorous discord that so pleases ninnies; but the bell in the church, whose sweet sounds have told us of many a baptism and many a funeral, has become such a public nuisance, forsooth, that it may not be rung hereafter except at the pleasure of our mayor.

Easter Monday, April 24.

Last evening we had a happy family gathering. We were there,—one and all,—brothers, sisters, nephews and niece.

What refined children my brother has! The oldest, a bright boy, with the rosy

bloom of a little girl, has the quick mind of a man—a future engineer, perhaps. On his report card the professor of sciences notes that this thirteen-year old boy astonished all by his remarkable intelligence. The second is a handsome, brown complexioned child, the picture of his father. In honor of his grandparents he composed some verses for the occasion. As to the niece, all I can say is that I fear I spoil her, as well as her brothers.

At two o'clock we had a sleight-of-hand performance for the children, followed by luncheon. Then came games of all kinds,—mostly of the noisy kind. After some time the noise-makers became tired and were then glad to sit down to hear their aunt, the nun, (I had just returned from Benediction) tell them stories.

My brother, the priest, came before dinner. Shortly after his arrival he and I retired to my room to recite our office. This is always our way on Sunday evenings. What a pity that my brother lives in the country, at the other side of the city, and that we can not say our office together more frequently! But at any rate I always have him on Sunday afternoon. When we have finished the office we always talk of our vocation, of God's call to us; we talk of our labors, of the poor. So quickly does the hour slip by that my sister is obliged to call us to the table where our parents are awaiting us.

When dinner was done the children asked for the chiffon costumes that they might present some tableaux for our entertainment. They selected some events in the history of France which they reproduced with creditable success. When the children's repertoire was exhausted my mother sang a few old ballads —which I loved to hear her sing twenty years ago,—and she sang with the same charm and freshness of those former days.

Yes, this was a happy gathering. I enjoyed it to the full. There was dear father whose conversation, delicately spiritual as it is, pleases me more and more each day. There too was my dear, dear mother, showing us all the most loving attention. And there were my brothers, my sisters, my nephews and my niece. I thank God for the joy of this happy company at a time when I weep and long for the cloister and the poor cell.

Wednesday, April 26.

One of the poor families which the Priory had supported in the past is now in abject poverty.

In those days the father was a good-natured man, despite the weakness of his character, and, thanks to our care and our solicitude for the future of his children—was always quite respectable. But the day of expulsion came, the day when our goods were pilfered by our civil guardians, the day when we became so destitute that the poor found no relief in us. From time to time Sister Mary Louise and I visited this unhappy family; but too often we went with empty hands. The mother was deeply touched when she saw us starting in to clean up about the house, but the father preferred more tangible assistance, and—to make matters worse for the family—he began to lead the life of a loafer and a drinker. He lost his position and then formed worse habits than those he had before. At length, the other day, he picked a quarrel with one of his wicked companions, and while intoxicated he attacked him with a knife and wounded him. Now the rascal is in prison—and for how long? And there is his wife weeping, and cursing the oppressors of the poor,—our own

officials! So what is to be done? I called upon Sister Mary Agnes and for the second time asked her to assist this destitute family. Sister will visit the people, and will do what she can to get the thirteen year old boy some employment.

I myself can do nothing. If I had even some little occupation—but I hunted in vain during all Lent. When I saw that I could find no work in design or painting I tried embroidery. I used to do some fairly good work on velvet and satin with silks of different colors. So I bought a few odd pieces of the goods I needed and made several confectionery bags. These I took to the streets of this city, but this time, as I had a different line of goods, I visited different stores. One day I thought that I found a place. When I had shown my work to an important-looking lady in one of the large confectionery stores I was told by her to call the next day, the manager would then be there and would perhaps give me an order. When I came the next day I was kindly received in the proprietor's private office. This was the third time I had to recite the events of my life. On the two former occasions I had done so to no purpose, but now I saw before me a glimmer of hope. When we had done with this and the examination of my work the proprietor said he considered the embroidery very pretty, that I had good taste but not of the commercial kind. Always the same objection. He added, however, that I might improve with time and so gave me a note of recommendation to Madam——the manager of his work rooms, who had charge of his employees. I was to carry the note to her home at the other end of the city. I must say that it was with a light heart I returned home that evening to tell my parents of my success. My success? Alas! it was still a dream. A few days later I went to the lady's house. As she was not at home I was told to call again, between ten and twelve in the morning. The next day found me there with my note and some specimens of my work. When Madam——had read the note and looked over the work she—well, she sneered at it. "That is very ordinary. Look at it beside these pieces of our work; and this is our best. For these bags we pay forty cents. It takes from twelve to fifteeen hours for each piece. I will give you a fair trial however. Here is enough satin for two confectionery bags. When you come back we shall decide."

Despite this cold reception I still clung to my hope, and as I walked away from the house I felt great confidence of success. I commended the work to the guardian angels, and then began with the intention of doing my very best. In my anxiety I worked even by lamp light. Yes, I injured my eyes, so intent was I on success. But, alas! When I timidly opened my bundle and presented my work to Madam —— I immediately read her reply in her scornful smile.

"Surely our house can not accept such work as that. We can make no exceptions, of course. We will offer these for sale with the faded goods for exportation. But as for receiving you as a regular employee—I am sorry for your sake. It is impossible."

I could say nothing as I turned away. She called me back. "Please, mademoiselle, I owe you something for your work. It is not altogether worthless. Here are forty cents for the two bags, very good pay for what you did."

From every fibre of my being rose up

a bitter cry of wounded pride. But at the moment when I would have scorned the money she roughly handed to me, I saw in my mind the picture of the pale faces of those poor children and their imprisoned father. The struggle was over in an instant. I took the money to buy a few loaves for these hungry creatures.

It is not the fault of the poor that we are expelled.

Thursday, April 27.

Sister Mary Elizabeth is here. She came yesterday. How long have the two of us awaited this happy meeting!

Poor Sister has had many a troublesome day. In fact it was to tell us this—she could not write it in her letters,—that induced her to come. And besides she dare not write of it, being assured that the Government officers opened all the correspondence of secularized religious to learn their relations with their former companions. On the surface it appears that Sister Mary Elizabeth's course is running prosperously. There are in attendance about a hundred pupils from the best families of one of the quarters in——. But in fact there is a strong disunion breeding under the surface. Mrs. Z——the would-be novice of one of our well-known and highly esteemed congregations—has turned out to be an ex-postulant, and one that lasted only fifteen days in convent life. Why did she not stay? All that Sister Mary Elizabeth knows of her is that Mrs. Z—— was not wanted in the congregation. This woman has some good qualities. She is enterprising and knows well how to run a house. Unhappily she wishes to control it and is ever bent on accomplishing this purpose. She saw that to begin her tactics she must sow disunion, and she sowed it generously. Today, of all those connected with the course, there is only one who has remained constant to our dear Sister,—a young governess who was educated in one of the free classes of a convent school. No one asks counsel, much less an order, of Sister; no one consults her when changes are made in the rule, and, worst of all, no one speaks to her. They go so far as to leave her alone with the faithful governess at meals. This is not all. Mrs. Z—— had a private dining-room arranged near her own room. Here for a few days she ate alone. Then little by little, she gathered in her friends, the directress, the governesses, and even the attendants.

Sister Mary Elizabeth said nothing, she uttered no complaint. She concealed as far as possible, even from her parents, this life of miserable disunion. As long as she could be with the children and do good to them she was content. And indeed the children clung lovingly to her whom they knew was working night and day in their behalf. The situation was so strained that Sister feared a scandal would arise. It was on this account that she came to consult Reverend Mother and Father——our Superior. The visit here also serves Sister as a respite from battle. The poor soul has been too long in the heat of the fray. How she must have suffered during these last few months!

At present Sister is living with her mother. Every day I go to the house. I see the mother full of happiness at having her eldest daughter again by her side for a few days. I spend most of the time with dear Sister, and as Sister dares not cross the threshold of the Priory I go to Reverend Mother for her. Oh! if the French Government suspected this! If our ministers suspected that these two holy women were confiding to each

other their sorrows and one was asking advice of the other—oh! would not that be a serious state of affairs? Is not France in a state of awful peril with such conspiracy abroad?

The other course established after the expulsion, that of Sister Margaret Mary, has proved completely successful.

Tuesday, May 2.

Sister Mary, for whom we had so many misgivings, has written us a very welcome letter from her home in Burgundy. The happy news it contained greatly consoled Sister Mary Elizabeth as she left us to go back to her course and its trials.

It happened, so Sister Mary says, in her letter, that while stricken down with a severe case of bronchitis she was given the grace to meditate on subjects she has neglected for many weeks. This accounts for her petition to be allowed to return. She is anxious to come back to her Mother and Sister, be it at the Priory or at C——.

"The world is not good for me", she writes. "While I am in it my life is one of pleasure. At twenty I was saved from its allurements, but now, alas! I am as I was before I entered the convent. Let me come back if you will to make sure of my salvation. I pray you to send me money that I may come to you. I ask you this because the parents who at Christmas gave me a heavy chain of plated silver now refuse me a penny for my return to the convent."

As Reverend Mother had just received a good contribution from Sister Mary Agnes she was able to send immediately for Sister Mary. Reverend Mother will try to keep her as an attendant to the sick Mothers and Sisters at the Priory. If the liquidator objects she will go to C——. There, our Mothers will deny themselves still more, if necessary, for this soul can not be lost.

(To be continued.)

THE STAR OF SUFFERING.

BY JESSIE HENDERSON BREWER.

"God, finding in Heaven every jewel save the star of suffering, came on earth to seek that."
—*St. Mary Magdalen di Pazzi.*

There is an earth-born star, whose ray
Illumes the soul with grace so rare
That Christ was hither sent to seek
A gem, which Heaven did not share.

The rudest and the poorest life,
Ennobled by this chastening light,
Becomes a hallowed, precious thing
Beyond the pale of rank and might.

O wondrous star of suffering,
The expiation of our race!
On earth direct our erring steps,
And be in Heaven our crowning grace.

THE MARRIAGE OF RAMONA'S SON.

BY JAMES CONNOLLY.

Of the ideal creations of poets, artists, or novelists, it would be difficult to find a more beautiful heroine than the "Ramona," of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson's novel. Atmosphere, environment, and climatic conditions, are conducive to the lively and powerful play of the creative fancy, and the transition from the dulling rigors of the New England winter to that of the balmy sunshine and green flowering landscape of southern California had, undoubtedly, a most stimulating effect upon Mrs. Jackson's mind. You can not but feel as you read how far short of the natural picture before her delighted eyes fell the author's own word picture of it. So in her fruitless search to find something more beautiful with which to compare "these chameleon effects of the spring verdure, of the countless curves, hollows and crests of the coast hills of Southern California," she concludes, "they are like nothing in nature except the glitter of a brilliant lizard in the sun, or the iridescent sheen of a peacock's neck."

In all this how little the artist herself seemed to realize that much of the charm with which she had infused her work was due to the atmosphere and prospect by which she was environed. Still less, did she seem to consider that the loveliness of her Ramona's external personality, as well as spiritual purity, was mainly due to the same influences. "Saint Francis classed them with his brothers and sisters, the sun, moon and stars—all members of the sacred choir praising God."

Yet for all the frigidity of the New England climate and the consequent effect on the creative fancy, Hawthorne's Hester Prynne should be a potent rival of Ramona for popular favor. But, as it is, the crowds of Western tourists flock to the favorite New England resorts scarcely thinking of Hester, while winter after winter the thousands of Easterners coming here, hunt up the old adobe chapel where Ramona was married. At first, many are a bit misled by photographers, guides, and information bureaus, showing them pictures of the ruins of the Estudehou house as the real marriage place of the popular heroine. Nay, thousands are driven thither and shown the picturesque ruins in Oldtown as her marriage place. Many, too, come and go none the wiser of the mistake into which they had been led. Yet the fact that the guides and photographers themselves are mostly innocent of any conscious misrepresentation in the matter, makes it quite a harmless mistake all around. The one enjoys the conscious merit of having enlightened the benighted tourist, and the tourist exults in having beheld the wedding place of his or her heroine.

Here in the West, much of this popular interest in Ramona's marriage has quite recently been diverted to that of her son, which was solemnized in San Jacinto. Some of the lengthy newspaper reports of the event got the details as badly mixed as have the guides and photographers those of Ramona's marriage. For instance, one of these reports now before me, as I write, begins: "Condino, the only child of Ramona, the Indian heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's romance . . . . was married in the Catholic Church at San Jacinto to Miss Marta Kline . . ."

Right beside this report lies before me a volume named, "The Real Ramona,'

open, and showing a full-page picture of two Indian girls designated "Ramona's Twins." Condino's picture is here, too. So is Ramona's, showing rather an uncomely, corpulent Indian matron, more so, indeed, than one ordinarily meets round about the reservations. But as the motive of the book appears to be mainly to controvert Mrs. Jackson's estimate of the Indians, this is, of course, quite apropos. Wedded as we mostly are to our own preconceived notions of other races of men, it is always best to be on our guard against erroneous prejudices. So, one day, while in the public library rubbing up my mental vision in this connection I read in the New York *Sun* (the writer had recently been traveling in Mexico), "The beauty of the Indian women is one of the charms of Mexico. . . The beautiful faces one takes in memory away from Mexico are those of Indian women. . . the expression is generally intelligent, and one is struck with the nobility and refinement of countenance of both men and women."

Lest there be any error about Condino's marriage, I took the liberty of writing to Rev. B. Florian Hahn, of the St. Boniface Industrial School, for Indian boys, at Banning, California, for more definite information. The always courteous Father promptly replied, "Condino Hopkins, the son of Ramona, was married to Martha Kleine, a half Indian, on the 6th of March, 1907, at San Jacinto, Cal., myself, being the regular pastor, performing the ceremony. I will soon be up in Cahuilla valley, and if I can get a picture I will send you one."

Readers of Ramona will of course remember that some time after the tragic death of Alessandro, she married the Senor Felipe, son of her foster-mother, the Senora Moreno. Then the newly wedded couple, with Alessandro's little daughter, emigrated to the city of Mexico, never to return to the America which had been the source and scene of so many of their dire heartaches.

But the novelist's final disposition of the characters drawn from real life is very seldom a correct clew to the knowledge of the real lives. A glance at the picture of the real Ramona (Mrs. Machado) now before me, divests the ideal Ramona of much of the charm with which her creator had endowed her. The same is true of the real Alessandro's picture. But there is still the chance of mistaken identity in these originals, as there is in that of the lovable character of the Senora Moreno. In her case there are two distinct schools of adherents here in California, not only as to the identity of the original of the Senora herself, but also the location of great ranch and casa. The one school as stoutly holds to Senora Del Valla, of the Camulos Ranch, in Ventura County, as the other does to the Senora Couts, of the Guazoma Ranch in San Diego County. With such able and gifted claimants lined up on either side, one needs to be pretty sure of one's ground ere taking a decided stand. Still, after seeing something and reading much of both characters and places, I am free to concede the palm to the Senora Couts and her Guazoma Ranch. My evidences? Edward Roberts, in his "Ramona's Home," published as an appendix to the edition of Ramona, on my desk, says, in his description of the scenes in and about the Camulos Casa, with the view to showing how like Mrs. Jackson's description of the Senora Moreno's home they were: "She (Mrs. Jackson) was at Camulos less than twenty-four hours, and yet her description of the ranch house and of its surroundings in Ramona is wonderfully perfect. She undoubtedly saw the torn

altar cloth, and in her novel, worked the fact into the story in a most realistic way. How H. H. saw so much and remembered it so well is a marvel."

Doubly marvelous in such brief space as less than twenty-four hours! Mrs. Jackson, on the other hand, is known to have spent several months at Guazoma, the guest of the hospitable and most admirable Senora Couts.

Day after day, sixteen years ago, the writer of this article loitered back and forth, to and from the San Luis Rey Mission, the four miles separating it from Guazoma seeming less than half that distance.

These fine old Southern California ranch houses, such as Camulos and Guazoma, built of adobe, around three sides of a great open patio were not much unlike. But Guazoma was certainly the finer and more commodious home. The Senora Couts was alive at my first visit there. It was my privilege to see the still numerous Indian ranch hands and household servants rung into Mass in the private chapel, standing about fifty yards from the house, by the big bell cast in Spain, and hung on a trestle at the end of the chapel. The refined, gracious presence of the Senora Couts and the peaceful, quieting and comforting atmosphere of her home made me understand how Mrs. Jackson found Guazoma so stimulating a place to write in. That Senora Couts was her model of Senora Moreno can not be doubted by any one who knew the former and had studied the latter.

But there are less convincing evidences of the identity of the real Ramona. One claimant to personally knowing the real Ramona writes: "There never was an Indian girl with fine features such as are being painted and lithographed and sold on the market today as Ramona." Now some of these eager disputants seem to have lost sight of the fact (or never knew it) that the real Ramona of Mrs. Jackson's creation was only half Indian. She was the daughter of the well-born Scotch mariner, Angus Phail, and the Indian woman whom he married, after being crazed by his love for the Senora's lovely sister who, under the compulsion of proud friends, had rejected him, thus driving him distracted. Twenty years later Phail, whom every one thought dead, suddenly appears in presence of the proud Senora Gonzaga, "bearing in his arms a beautiful babe, asleep," telling her that she once did him a great wrong for which the Lord had punished her by denying her children, he then presented her the babe in his arms, requesting her to adopt it and bring it up.

The pathetic interview finally ended in her keeping the child. Phail died a year later. Then the cruel unkindness of her husband soon after made inroads on the Senora Gonzaga's health. Realizing that she was about to die she induced her sister, the Senora Moreno, to adopt the child of Phail. "The little Ramona's future was assured," and the Senora's spirit soon followed that of Angus. Trained and educated under the direct guidance of the Senora Moreno and Father Salvierderra, the character of this real Ramona could have been no other than that which Mrs. Jackson's art has shown her to be.

In the months during which Mrs. Jackson was hospitably entertained at Guazoma, as the guest and friend of Senora Couts, the foundation of the great romance was laid. The charming hostess told her guest stories and incidents of the Mission Indians' pastoral life. From some of the more attractive characters in these stories those of Ramona and Alessandro were mainly drawn. Lugardo Sandoval is said to be the name of the Indian girl from whom Ramona was drawn. She it is who is mother of the Condino Hopkins

who was married on March 6th. He gets the name of Hopkins through adoption by a Dr. Hopkins of Coahuilla. Condino's father, Jose Machado, is still living on the Pachango Indian reservation with Ramona. Condino has profited much by the training of his white foster-father, whose progressive ways he adopted.

He was but twenty years old at the time of his marriage to his half-breed bride of sixteen. He is a stalwart, shapely youth, studious and industrious, and has already shown some proficiency in the commercialism of his time by becoming owner of several productive gem mines up in the Coahuilla Mountains, and considerable stock in an Arizona copper mine.

How different this marriage was from that of Ramona, romantic as it was, with the artistic glamor of Mrs. Jackson's genius and Father Gaspara's unique personality to idealize it. Yet after Mrs. Jackson had made the most of the almost courtly refinement pervading the Camulos Ranch, the gracious hospitality, tact, and social amenities of its charming mistress, it was back to the mountains she had to take her characters and her readers to produce the most effective scenes possible to her art.

And thus it has ever been and ever shall be. When Condino shall have learned sufficient wisdom from his native mountains he will of course, have come to know that he is not the son of the real Ramona. She, nor any of her several sons and daughters, born in Mexico, where Mrs. Jackson had sent her with Alessandro's baby girl, after marrying the Senor Felipe, never returned—never will, in fact, that is, in the flesh. The true spirit of beauty, love, and truth, with which her life, persecutions, and final triumph pervaded this land, she could not take away with her. They have become an imperishable part of California. Guazoma is coming to be the Stratford of America. On your way thither you may meet several Ramonas, —in merely symmetrical beauty and loveliness of countenance. I have met dozens of them, but only one real, true Ramona.

Condino and his pretty young bride have assumed greater responsibilities. It is no easy thing for them to live up to the high ideals of domestic rectitude and true Christian endeavor so faithfully exemplified in the lives of Alessandro, Ramona, and the Senora Moreno. But the evil influences that were the source of most of Ramona's and Alessandro's troubles have about all gone from these haunts. Justice to the aboriginal owners of the soil is being advocated, and as a proof of this, I may quote from a letter which reached me some time ago.

"Things are coming our way. The National Conference of Indian Educators is just finishing here; and the Government has at last adopted the policy which I urged twenty years ago and for which I was crucified by every official. Better days have come, not only for the Indians, but for Americans who have some sense of justice and some feeling of duty to our wards. It's a pretty good world after all, if we have patience with it.

"Always sincerely yours,

CHARLES F. LUMMIS."

Throughout the length and breadth of California there is scarcely a single social gathering, however small, in which the subject of books is mentioned wherein Ramona does not receive her full share of attention. Since the marriage of Condino the interest is even greater. Another Mrs. Jackson may happily come hither and by force of her genius, exalt him and his girl-bride to the eminence on which Ramona stands.

"THE SMILE WE WELCOME MOST."

BY THE REV. JOHN S. MURPHY.

The smile we welcome most, dear,
  Like the bow in rainy skies,
Is that which breaks its way through
  The mist of tear-stained eyes.

So, too, the joy that follows
  Our strife with pain and loss
Is best, because it shines through
  The sorrows of the cross.

Thus care and trials borne, dear,
  With faith, are nothing save
The raindrops falling twixt us
  And the light beyond the grave.

GRIEF'S BLESSING.

BY MARY ALLEGRA GALLAGHER.

I only *feel* my cross.
    If I could *see*
Its length, its breadth, I know
    'Twould show me Thee.

To ev'ry rood, my Lord,
    Thine arms are tied.
Who holds a cross, holds too
    The Crucified.

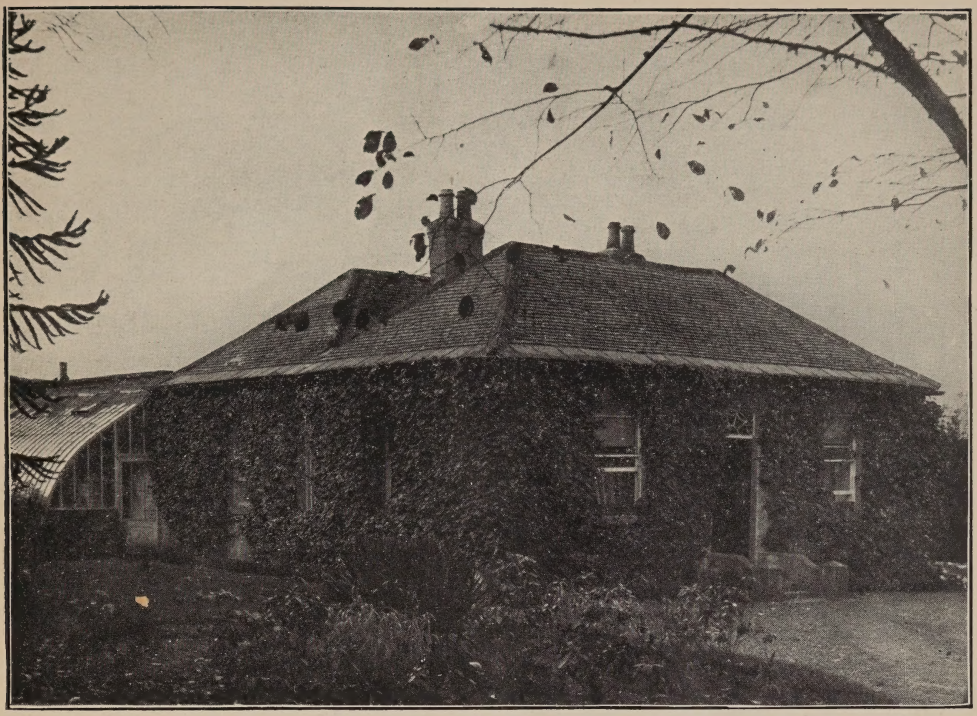
PURSUIT OF THE IDEAL.

BY J. HOWARD BROWNE.

Eternal Shadow! Substance of the real!
We call thee shadow for thou art ideal,
A shadow cast upon the future screen
A spectre visible of things unseen.
Embodiment of possibility and chance,
Thou lead'st us onward guiding our advance.
Spectre, thou art a shade which tempts the soul,
For thou art vanished when we near the goal,
To which thou beckonest with spirit hand;
Thou art beyond upon the shining strand,
That realm across To-morrow's raging main, —
Our pilot, thee we follow all in vain.

Where art thou gone? We fondly think we know,
We cross the seas nor reck the winds that blow;
We stem the torrent, clamber up the steeps,
Yet, far before, thy shadow ever leaps.
We scale the crags where eagle-fancies dwell,
We seek for thee in Rest, the sheltered dell;
But from the crags the eagle screaming flies,
And in the dell no satisfaction lies.
Sunlit and shining stands the Mount of Hope,
Above, beyond, gleams heaven's gorgeous cope;
Ambition pricks the weary laggard on,
Thou bid'st him come; he goes, and thou art gone.

Oh! fleeing spirit, thou wert born to reign,
Yet by thy flight thou mak'st our homage vain!
True hearts, all nations, yea, our mortal world
Will bow before thee with Pride's ensigns furled
Each day on higher summit dost thou stand
And toward a goal more distant wave thy hand.
Ours to attain, we know, and thine to lead;
Thine is to point the way and ours to heed.
Thy rule is absolute o'er world and all,
For we must follow where we hear thee call;
Yet find thee not e'en as the dreams we cherish;
For, "where no vision, is, the people perish."



COOLEEN, TALLAGHT.
The home of Norah Tynan O'Mahony.

POETS I HAVE KNOWN.

XI.

Norah Tynan O'Mahony.

BY THE REV. MATTHEW RUSSELL, S.J.

NORAH TYNAN IN GIRLHOOD.

The lively writer of "Pages from a Private Diary," in *The Cornhill Magazine* for November, 1896, says: "It is undoubtedly a great advantage to belong to a little clan if its members are vigorous and patriotic; and, if I were an author, I should certainly turn Scotsman or else Roman Catholic. Then I would be sure that my merits would not fail of recognition in the press." There is some force in this remark of Canon H. C. Beeching, though it seems to run counter to statements made by Mrs. Hinkson in her interesting article on "The Neglect of Irish Writers" (*Catholic World*, April, 1908). Certainly we Catholics are not supposed to be too easily pleased with the labors of our own authors and journalists; and, as "Irish" and "Catholic" are almost

WHITEHALL.
The early home of Norah Tynan

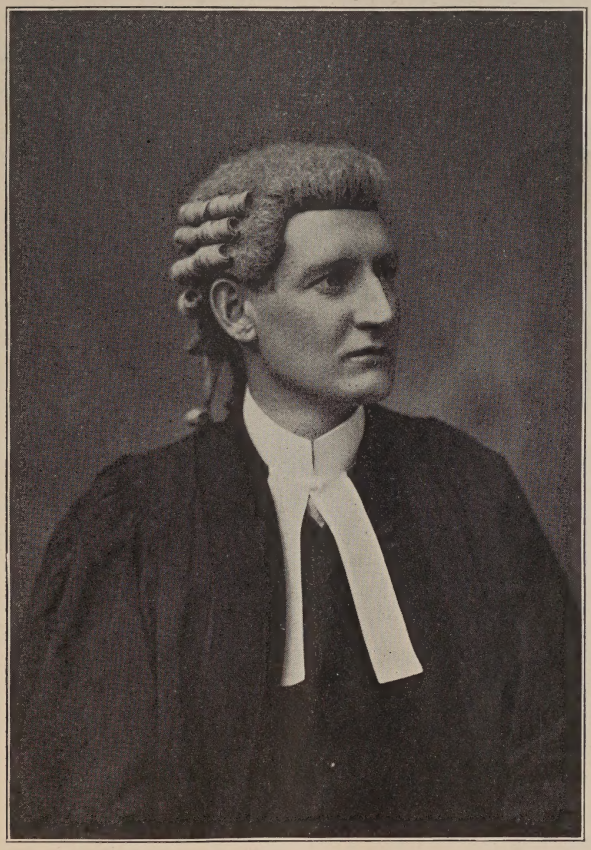
synonymous in the present context, Dr. Johnson is often quoted: "No, sir, the Irish are a fair people—they are not inclined to praise each other too much." Nevertheless there are decided advantages in addressing a special public of one's own rather than the general public. At present, at any rate, those writers, for instance, who are helping on the Celtic revival, are more sure of an audience than if they were more cosmopolitan in their tastes and aspired to swell the enormous mass of contemporary English literature.

I will not lose more time in showing the relevance of these remarks as introducing an Irish writer whose prose and verse are as yet only scattered through magazines and newspapers. A volume of Mrs. O'Mahony's poems will soon appear; but the only title pages, I think, on which I have seen her name, are those of a very pleasant tale for young people, "Mrs. Desmond's Foster Child," and a more mature and withal bright and wholesome story, "Una's Enterprise."

Norah Tynan O'Mahony is a younger sister of Katharine Tynan Hinkson, whose name is so familiar on both sides of the Atlantic. After changing their maiden name for another in the usual way, they both cling to it still, but perhaps from different motives—the elder out of reverence for the memory of her beloved father, Andrew Cullen Tynan, of Whitehall, Clondalkin, County Dublin; the younger out of the wish to be recognized as Katharine Tynan's sister. Those who are able to refer to the back number of this Magazine which contains the account of Katharine Tynan as No. 5 of the present series may apply to her sister many of the particulars there set down as regards her early years. Norah also was a pupil of the Dominican Nuns, Sienna Convent, Drogheda. She was not equally precocious in the development of her literary talent—which she seems

hardly to have discovered till she became the wife of John O'Mahony.

I have always intended to write a memorial sketch of this brilliant young Irishman; but somehow no opportunity has offered till now, and his memory may now be linked with her whom he chose as the partner of his life. He was born at Cork, January 27, 1870. As a real cockney is defined to be one born within the sound of Bow Bells in London, so a real Corcagian may be supposed to be born within the sound of Shandon Bells; and I noticed that some of the countless newspaper obituaries of this genuine Corkman called him John Shandon O'Mahony. To the last of his earthly homes —one of the Shamrock villas beyond Drumcondra Bridge, in the northern suburb of Dublin—he gave the name of "Shandon." He was educated in the excellent school of the Presentation Brothers, Cork, at which he distinguished himself greatly by his success in the Intermediate Examinations. At a distribution of prizes in the Presentation College a week after his death, Brother Connolly referred feelingly to his former



THE LATE JOHN O'MAHONY.

GERARD JOHN CULLEN O'MAHONY.
Eldest son of Mrs. O'Mahony

pupil: "It seems only a few years since he was amongst us, a brilliant and versatile student who in every emergency could be depended on to maintain decisively the intellectual culture for which this city of ours has been so long renowned." It was in those schoolboy days that young O'Mahony edited a manuscript magazine called *The Mardyke Chronicle* which circulated among the boys and their friends. It was kept up in a very spirited manner (I have had the privilege of perusing the one surviving copy) for a considerable time till the youthful editor passed on to Queen's College, Cork.

It seems to me a good thing to mention as a proof of the pious disposition of this brilliant youth that on the threshold of his manhood he imagined he was called to the religious state. He even made the experiment to which his townsman and almost namesake Francis Mahony ("Father Prout") devoted the same period of his life—he entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus. It was reluctantly that he accepted the decision of his Novice-Master that God had other designs upon him. He returned to the banks of the Lee; but the piety and faith that had prompted him to turn away from the world that promised so much held their sway over him till the end. His work as a journalist began in his native city on the staff of the *Cork Herald*; and his literary tastes found a vent as secretary of the Cork Historical and Archæological Society to whose journal he contributed sketches of Father Prout, Father Arthur O'Leary, John Philpot Curran and Daniel Maclise. He removed to Dublin about the time of the Parnell crisis in 1891, and joined the staff of *The Irish Independent*. He managed at the same time to pursue his legal studies; and his standing among his fellow-students is shown by their selection of him as auditor of the Law Students' Debating Society, under exceptional circumstances to which Lord Justice Fitzgibbon referred in giving him the O'Hagan* gold medal for oratory. "Usually (he said) the auditor was one who worked in the Society for several consecutive years, to the point when, at the end, he stood on the platform at the inaugural meeting; but I think Mr. O'Mahony's career has been somewhat different. *Veni, vidi, vici* has been his motto, since he has been actually carried into the position he occupied to-night by the voice of a popular election resting on the impression he has made in a

* Founded by the first Catholic Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Thomas O'Hagan of Belfast, father-in-law of the still more gifted Judge, John O'Hagan of Newry, the second of the "Poets I Have Known."

time shorter, I believe, than any auditor before him." The President went on to speak of this "brilliant and eloquent young Irishman" with "his voice musical and dignified, his style clear, deliberate and self-possessed, his language eloquent, well-considered and well-delivered."

His career at the Bar, to which he was called in January, 1899, fulfilled splendidly the promise of this opening. He never was for a single day a briefless barrister, but from the first his services were eagerly sought by solicitors as indisputably foremost amongst the juniors. He soon had the honor of pleading even before the House of Lords and Parliamentary committees at Westminster—not a common experience for Irish lawyers. He was a very eloquent advocate and a particularly able cross-examiner. He was a delightful talker, filled with the most genial wit; and this wit and quickness increased his efficiency even in grave courts of law. If he had lived, the highest prizes of his profession were assured to him.*

NORAH TYNAN O'MAHONY AND HER THREE SONS

he had formed the happy union which has claimed for him perhaps an undue share of this paper. He was married to Norah Tynan, April 29, 1895.

Even before he was called to the Bar

*It is curiously characteristic of this attractive personality that the only book to which he put his name bears the title of "The Sunny Side of Ireland," a sort of glorified hand-book to the scenes through which the great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland passes. He wrote this book in an incredibly short space of time.

There was no cloud on the happiness of the young couple till the disease that carried him off began to betray itself. Even then he unselfishly but unwisely tried to conceal its seriousness from his anxious wife. Even after the doctors had warned him that heart disease might end his bright life at any moment he kept up his courage and cheerfulness. He had always, thank God, been sincerely religious, an ardent champion of his Catholic faith and particularly devout to the Blessed Virgin. For its own sake, as it might never come under my eye again, and as a little token of his piety, I will give here a prayer translated from the Irish which John O'Mahony had copied into his prayerbook:

May all transitory things, O Lord, be worthless in my eyes, and dear to me be everything that is Thine, and Thou, O Lord, above all things. Give me a watchful heart which no sinful curiosity may lead astray, which no unworthy affection may debase. Give me a righteous heart which no evil motive may pervert. Give me, O Lord, a strong heart which no temptation may overcome. Amen.

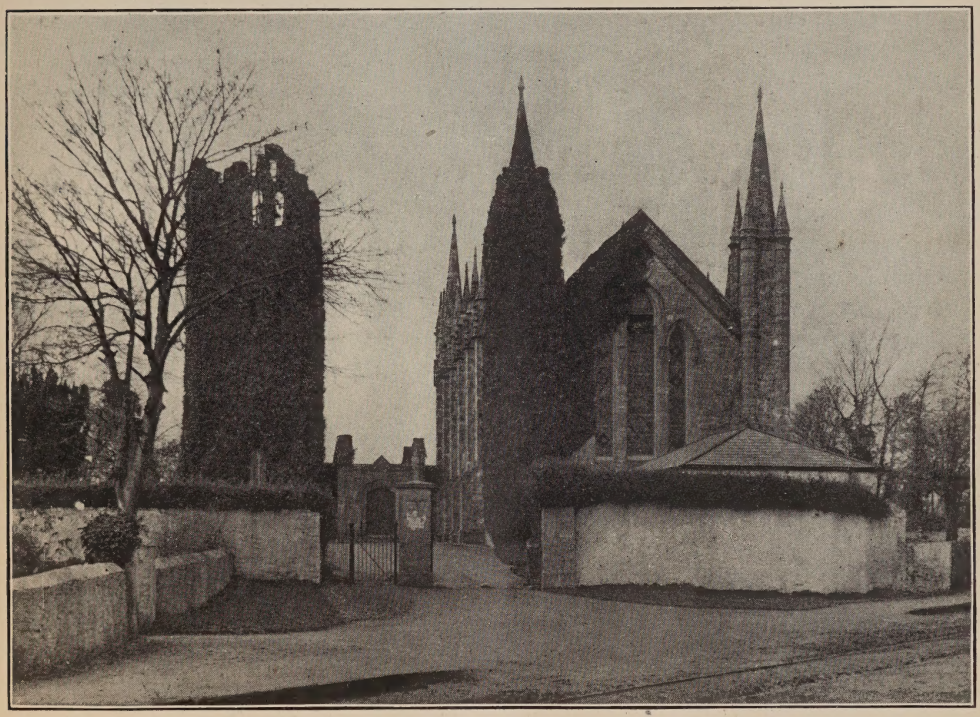
THE GRAVE OF JOHN O'MAHONY

He died November 28, 1904. The one who knew him best wrote soon after: "Thank God, he died a happy and holy death, and he was surrounded during his illness by the love of dear friends. Prayers innumerable were offered for him, and they were in Heaven before

him, as well as his own good deeds, for he was the kindest and most generous dear fellow. I am sure he would think nothing of going hungry himself to give help to others, and he was loved by every poor man that knew him." Here are some lines which seem very appropriate to this seemingly premature death. I would name the author of them if I could:

Yet, O stricken heart, remember, oh! remember
How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom, and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head and heart.
Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.
Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished,
You alone have crossed the melancholy stream;
Yours the pang, but his, oh! his the undiminished,
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

But I ought to have refrained from quoting any verses except those of Norah O'Mahony herself, and there are many of hers touchingly relevant at the precise point that we have reached. Let



Photograph by Furlong and Webster

ST. MAELRUAIN'S CHURCH AND ANCIENT BELFRY TOWER OF TALLAGHT

us, however, go back a little and give all our thoughts to this eleventh of the "Poets I Have Known."

Norah O'Mahony did not begin to earn that title till she had left her girlhood behind her. She remembers indeed having made some verses about the daffodils—not as good as Words-

worth's on the same subject, or even more mature ones of her own which shall be quoted presently. No doubt she was immensely impressed by the early triumphs of her elder sister; but her own leaning was rather towards art, and she acquired considerable skill in flower painting. In the first year of her married life her first poetry was published in *The Irish Monthly* and her first prose in the *Social Review*, edited by Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, a native of Belfast and yet a convert to the Catholic faith, who has of late years become prominent as a courageous explorer of out-of-the-way Pacific islands and a brilliant chronicler of her adventures and explorations.

LATEST PORTRAIT OF NORAH TYNAN O'MAHONY.
Taken March 3rd, 1908

As the daffodils were the theme of of her first childish rhymes, let our first sample of her mature Muse be the very different lyric in which she sang their praise when the great sorrow of her life had already come upon her:

Daffodils! O daffodils,
  Dancing in the grass!
Be ye fairy regiments
  Prancing as I pass?
Each one with his kirtle green,
  Helmet deep and yellow,
And a sword of silver sheen—
  What a pretty fellow!

Daffodils! O daffodils,
  Swaying in the wind!
Once my heart was light as yours;
  Love was soft and kind.
In those dear, dead, far-off days
  When I gaily went
Singing through life's flowery ways,
  Ere my youth was spent.

Daffodils! O daffodils,
  Smiling in the sun!
Once I too had golden hours
  Ere my love had gone.
Now my days are dark and sad:
  Gone the heart of gold—
Never again may I be glad
  Since the world's grown old.

Daffodils! O daffodils,
  Weeping in the rain!
Know ye, too, adversity?
  Feel ye also pain?
Ah, bend down his grave above,
  Sorrowing o'er his head.
Here it is that sleeps my love,
  Here my heart lies dead.

That last line may link this disguised elegy with openly elegiac stanzas which appeared in *The Pall Mall Gazette*—a journal that pursues the cruel policy of condemning all its poets to anonymity. Mrs. O'Mahony from the first found no difficulty in getting admittance into all the Dublin and most of the London newspapers and magazines:

I used to think my heart was dead,
  And all the years grown sad and old,
  That Life had told all to be told
And Love said all that could be said.

But since you came with outstretched hands,
  Recalling dear, dead, happier days,
  Flowers bloom beside the barren ways,
And my heart breaks its leaden bands.

And though you may not stay, dear heart,
  Nor may you ever come again,
  I will not murmur or complain
That Fate has set our ways apart.

My dear, although you may not stay,
My load lies lighter, having this—
The memory of our parting kiss,
The thought of one short, happy day.

I have just this moment read in the newspapers that the anniversary of the birth of the little Prince of the Asturias has been used by King Alfonso as an opportunity for pardoning Nakens and some others concerned in the cruel and dastardly outrage which marred the brilliancy of the young Queen Victoria's wedding. May God melt the hearts of all hardened sinners and put a little more love into our own! In honor of this royal anniversary I will give the lines suggested to Mrs. O'Mahony by another newspaper paragraph about the same little prince, when much smaller. After his birth "Her Majesty Queen Victoria slept for some hours and woke with a smile."

Well may you smile, O mother newly made!
Your travail o'er, all fear and anguish gone,
To wake and find him close beside you laid,
Heaven's last, best gift, most wished-for, welcome one.
God's blessing be upon you and your boy,
A King's own son, an ancient nation's joy.
O girl-queen, great this day your happiness
To watch his first faint smile, feel his first fond caress.

At thought of you, though set so far apart,
The lowliest mother of a little child
Remembers, with a quickly throbbing heart,
How she, too, once awoke from sleep and smiled,
To think had come to pass this wondrous thing,
A babe sent straight from heaven to be her king!
Thus doth Kind Love make all things level, since
Even the ploughman's son of some one's heart is prince.

The motherly heart breaks out in many another poem of Mrs. O'Mahony.

Some years ago the following poem, "Ad Filium," appeared in *The Irish Monthly*, and for months after it circulated through the press,—Irish and American,—the tender, wistful expression of mother-love appealing to all hearts.

O little son, love of my heart most tender!
I would you grew
Less fragile, less seraphically slender.
O eyes of blue!
I would you held less thought within your sweetness.
O gentle, loving heart!
I would you showed less wisdom, in completeness
Your years could not impart.

Two other sons have I, O happy woman!
Two others, strong and tall;
Donal the merry, Barry, bold and human,
Careless of all
The days may hold for him; but you, my Cullen!
Thoughtful beyond your years,
When life grows sad, and skies loom dark and sullen,
Your mother's fears

Awake, and she would gladly come and hide you
Within her arms
From what of this world's sorrow may betide you,
From war's alarms—
From all the troubles that the days may bring you
When she is dead,
And never more a crooning song may sing you,
O dear brown head!

My little son, love of my heart most tender,
I would you grew
Less flower-like, less ethereally slender,
O heart so true!
I wish you held less wisdom in completeness
Within your eyes;
But, oh! my son, I would not lose your sweetness
To have you otherwise.

It is part of the secret of this poet's undeniable charm, that she speaks only of those things that she herself has seen and felt. A dignified, cold and impersonal Muse would be far less attractive than this amiable egotism which is in reality most unselfish, living as the poet does in her children and her husband—his presence or his memory. That very word, "A Memory," is the title of an exquisite sketch which describes him but does not name him in *The Cornhill Magazine* shortly after his death. It is by Katharine Tynan and has been reprinted by Mr. Mosher as one of his dainty bibelots. I resist the temptation to quote from it, for the space that I can claim will not suffice for the samples that I want to

give of the less famous sister. In the early years of her married life her home was some miles out in the country beside the home of her childhood. The young barrister's professional and social engagements often doomed him to long walks over the country roads at all hours and in all weathers. How pathetically the one who was waiting at home for him looks back to that time long afterwards! But I think there is a jolt in the first stanza where the carter "lightens his load for the hill;" that process ought not to run on into the fifth line:

Oh! little wood of the pine trees
At the bend of the road,
Where the teamster gives rest to his horses
And lightens their load
For the hill, over grassland and ploughland,
On the breath of the wind,
Best love of my heart do I send you,
Because you were kind.

In the message that nightly you brought him,
Footweary and sore,
The glimpse of the house on the hillside,
The wide-open door;
The brightly-lit casements where entered
Nor sorrow nor care,
But wife's love and child's love were waiting
His step on the stair.

His last lonely journey is ended
And he is at rest,
Gone over the hill with the red sun
That sets in the west.
No more need to travel the long road
In rain or in wind,
But, wood of the pine trees! I love you,
Because you were kind.

Later, when they had removed to "Shandon" on the banks, not of the Lee but of the Tolka, she brings with her as much as she can of the country and describes thus her "Town Garden":—

My garden's but a small, square space
Beset with city walls,
Where no green trees bestow their grace
Nor note of blackbird calls
Across the sunburnt plot of grass
Which doth its centre make,
Nor is there terrace-walk, alas!
Nor fountain cool nor lake.

But here the sunshine floods all day
The white walls new and bare,
Where I have planted roses gay
With pinks and lavender,
Sweet-williams, stocks, and asters fine
Bloom bravely in the sun,
And happy I to call them mine
When the day's work is done.

And, when I'm tired and sad and lone
In Dublin by the sea,
A bit of country all my own
My garden makes for me.
Yet in my dreams I sometimes see
Another garden fair,
Where floats the drowsy hum of bee
On balmy country air.

A tangle sweet of apple-bloom,
Of roses and woodbine,
Where country breezes go and come
And skies of azure shine.
Ah me! how dull my garden grows,
Its sunburnt plot of green,
And narrow flower-beds set in rows
The hard stone walls between!

A poet's yearning for a sweet spot in the blessed country is gratified; but *he* is not there. His grave is very near, under the shadow of the old church of Tallaght. Cooleen, the beautiful home of John O'Mahony's widow and his three sons, is almost a part of the wooded grounds of the Dominican Novitiate founded by our never forgotten Father Thomas Burke. Mrs. O'Mahony has described it delightfully in her sweet, natural, unaffected prose; but here she figures as one of the "Poets I Have Known," and I can quote only poetry. Nay, I am not sure that we can be allowed to glance at St. Maelruain's churchyard beyond the road:

Out in Tallaght churchyard there's a green grave lying,
A green grave, a dear grave, where some day I will rest,
Nor feel the balmy breezes from the heather hills come sighing,
And stirring all the daisies sweet that nod above my breast.
O dear world, O kind world, O world of joy and sorrow!
My dreams must be without you, of you I'll have no care;
No thought of you will trouble me in all that long to-morrow
Nor love nor hate may come to tempt or thrill me, lying there.

I shall not hear the lark's song, the note of cuckoo calling,
Nor watch the stars steal out from heaven at evening one by one,
Nor mark the blowing of each bud, the cool rain softly falling,
Nor turn mine eyes unto the West to see the setting sun.
O kind world, O cruel world, wake me not from my sleeping.
For me no more's the clash of arms, the pain, and stress, and strife,
The pride of fame, the joy of love, the sowing and the reaping
The heartache and the ecstasy that make up human life.

Why will you still keep calling me, O world of joy and sadness?
Why will you wake me from my dreams of peace and quiet sleep?
With whispers of what might have been, of youth, and life and gladness
To me who by a lonely grave a lonely vigil keep.
O dear world, O glad world, wake me not from my dreaming!
Thy songs of rapture and of pain sing nevermore for me.
The sorrowful alone is true, the joyful is but seeming,
O calling voices of the world, keep still and let me be!

The second last of these melodious lines was forestalled some forty years ago in the church of the Sacred Heart, Limerick. One of the boys in the Jesuits' school had died—his name was Walter Raleigh—and Father Isaac Moore, S.J., (whom Australia remembers) preached a little sermon on the occasion to his comrades. One of his phrases was exactly this: "He has left a world of real sorrows and unreal joys." But surely the preacher and the poet are wrong; the joys of earth are just as real as its sorrows for those who try to keep looking up to Heaven.

I have often referred to the still lamented Frances Wynne's volume, "Whisper!"* as the brightest and pleasantest book of verse in our time. Mrs. O'Mahony's forthcoming volume will be almost as bright and winsome—not as playful or witty, but very human and full of charm, with that wistful tenderness by which *cor ad cor loquitur*. I hope that the reader of the preceding pages will not consider this a rash prophecy.

*Mr. Elkin Mathews, Vigo Street, London, W., is about to issue "Whisper!" in his shilling Vigo Series. The same publisher has just issued a new volume of poems by Lady Gilbert (Rosa Mulholland). It is called "Spirit and Dust."

TO A BROTHER.

By Mary Regina Brennan.

There is a love that has faith in you,—
Let the world say what it will—
That hopes and endures and is strong for you,
With a strength that no hurt can kill.

It is a love that asks little of you,
Only this—when your heart is sore,
May the thought of it somehow comfort you,
Till you smile and are brave once more.

MISS ANNE'S REUNION.

BY ALICE R. M. GARLAND.

Sun after the summer shower was what Miss Anne Appleton most desired for her old-fashioned garden. It seemed to her like warmth after a brisk bath, soothing and strength-giving. She walked out among the narrow paths of geraniums, fuchias and verbenas, and looked down at them lovingly. Now and then she stroked a slender plant as a mother would a delicate child, and said something gently to herself. She went about picking off dried stems and leaves, patting down the loose earth and talking to the heliotrope and mignonette as though they really had hearts and minds and knew things.

Miss Anne herself was the prettiest flower among them, though palely faded after many summers of rain and sunshine. Her forehead was as clear as it had been thirty years ago; her eyes were as wondering in their gaze; her figure as agile in movement. The brown hair was somewhat silvered, to be sure, and the droop of the small mouth more pathetic. But her easy bearing, her ready smile were the very same. Neither time nor trouble could alter the essentials of Anne Appleton's soul.

Her father, Captain David Appleton, had died years ago in a foreign land and was buried there, and the sad news of it was brought, after months of anxious waiting, to the little mother and daughter in their village home. The mother lived sorrowingly along for a year, then she too passed on.

Following close on these griefs, Anne found herself dispossessed of a small property which she believed to be hers. She took all just means to retain it, but when this proved useless, she regarded it as being for the best and tried to put the matter from her mind. She bore all her trials bravely and calmly. She followed resolutely the path of duty as it was given her to see it, and whatever the results, she accepted them cheerfully as being right and for her good.

She lived contentedly in her small white cottage, and raised a few vegetables on her rectangle of ground. The pears from her fifteen trees were sold before they were picked; the great russet Beurre Boscs, the juicy Duchess and Bartlett always found a ready market.

Miss Anne earned considerable in the year, too, by fine sewing and not a little by giving a skilful hand in time of sickness. She was not remiss either in doing for others. Many a small garment found its way to the right little wearer, and a new laid egg to the needy sick.

"It is all so sad and so unnecessary," said the much concerned gossips of the town, most of whom had never been ten miles beyond their own stoops—narrow-lived folk who revelled in chatting of love matches which had been or should have been.

"Such was not the fate of sweet Anne Appleton," they would say almost indignantly. "Why didn't she give her hand to William Morton? Surely he had loved her! Hadn't he remained unmarried all these thirty odd years! What better proof did anybody want? How could pretty Anne Appleton have elected a life-time of loneliness and hard work to being the wife of a bright, promising man like Dr. Morton? To be sure he had played a few pranks in his youth, just school pranks,

which everybody condoned. As to that little affair of his with Jairus Wood, the clockmaker, yes, it was unfortunate, but then there's always a spell for sowin' wild oats and his didn't take root and sprout much. Probably she got too much set up after that visit she made to New York City, when she stayed most three months—too high-notioned more'n likely. Come to think of it, Anne Appleton with all her goodness and beauty had been pretty much of a simpleton."

Miss Anne had long since outlived the perplexities of her friends and neighbors. They troubled her not. She sang not wearily to her heart; she sighed not regretfully to her soul. What was, was for the best. The Lord had guided her well. She had loved William Morton, but, well, it was over, a thing of the past.

Long ago he had graduated with honors at college, become a physician, and now, he lived his own successful life twenty miles away. He, too, had reached middle age. It was well with him. It was well with her. Why should she keep looking backward? She had her cozy home, her precious garden, her young and old friends, her work to do. She hoped, too, that she had many years of usefulness yet ahead. It was such a grand thing, she felt, to live and to be useful. She should ever continue to grow in usefulness. It was never time to stop and say "here I rest." There were more plans still in her mind, things that her slender hands must carry out. It was splendid just to live and to be of a little service. It was inspiring to live with a purpose, knowing that that purpose must be fulfilled. It was the very joy of living to know that every hour of life must be accounted for; the very quintessence of joy to know that every hour must be redeemed, not in the base coin of selfish, egotistical maudling, but in the Caesarian gold of good deeds and worthy actions.

These thoughts shone from Miss Anne's eyes after the summer rain as she moved lovingly among her flowers.

She tossed the soft scarf from her head. It suited her pale beauty well, but it kept out the sun and air. It was so invigorating to feel the sun and air on her forehead, that mystical union of cold and heat which is balm to the fevered soul and joy to the weary heart. She drew in a deep long breath of the fresh fragrance and with the poet she sang "God of the open air, to Thee I make my prayer."

"I must gather some of your sweetness, dear posies," she said, "and take it to Madame Francher. You'll not waste your perfume in her sunless room, my little friends. Poor Madame has lived under happy skies and among your bright ancestors long ago. Did she not grace the salon of a grand lady? Dear me, but that was generations back! We'll make her gay again, little ones!"

"Pleasant clearing, Miss Anne," called a deep voice from the gateway. "Of course you're going to the reunion a week from Thursday evening—let's see—that's the twenty-seventh?"

Miss Anne drew on the lavender scarf and stepped down the walk.

"Did you say reunion, John Talbot?" she asked pleasantly. "Yes, I've heard some such talk? Is it really true—a reunion for old folks like us? Why, we'd scarcely recall each other. Wouldn't that be absurd, all have to be introduced over again?" she laughed.

"Yes," chuckled her neighbor, "it's to be a grand re-gathering of the lost tribes—no,—no, I mean all the old 'grads' of Number Four. You're one, ain't you? and ain't I and ain't Bill Mor-

ton, and ain't—say, Anne, by the way, speaking plain as between old friends, what ailed you to turn poor Bill down the way you did? He was a great feller, Bill was! He thought the world was created for you and the sun and moon and stars—I'll warrant he does to this day."

Miss Anne became as white as the phlox in her hand. She reached for the gate and held to it. In all these years no one had ever put such a question to her and it came now so straight, so crashingly. She answered quickly and without reflection; she spoke the plain truth that had lain luminous within her for thirty years, unbreathed and unspoken. She did not seek an apology for it, nor try to disguise it in equivocal phrasing. She answered quietly and without evidence of trepidation, although she would not have told it for kingdoms had she been given the suggestion of a warning.

"I was brought up to keep the ten commandments," she answered, "and William Morton transgressed one of them. I could not respect him enough to marry him. But I'm sure," she continued hurriedly, "I'm quite sure it never happened again. I'm very sure he atoned for it long, long since."

The woman turned toward the house as towards a place of refuge.

John Talbot pried no further.

"S'cuse me, s'cuse me, Miss Anne," he repeated confusedly, and walked away. "Do come to the reunion," he called back, "It'll be great!"

Miss Anne could not answer. Neither could she go directly to Madame Francher's. Her eyes were reddened from vexatious tears and there were lines of compunction about her mouth. She must bring her impulsive spirit into meek sobriety before taking these emblems of peace to her sick neighbor. How could she have so forgotten herself, she questioned, as to say what she did of William Morton? Why should she, of all persons on earth, dig deep and lay bare his sin, and worse than all, before such a man!

Did John Talbot hold the genuine respect of anyone? Wasn't he the poorest citizen in the town just as he had been the most cowardly boy in school? Had he ever been known to say a kind word of his town fellows or do them a generous act? How could she, she demanded, have lost all sense of dignity before such a one! The air seemed to choke her and the flowers to rebuke her. A fearfulness, which she had never before experienced, came upon her. Then out of the midst of remorse and self condemnation, a small, comforting voice spoke as it always does to the good of heart. Miss Anne was almost cheerful again as she gathered her flowers into a glowing bouquet.

The next day, Mr. Samuel Dodgson, the oldest and most versatile business man in town—grocer, real estate broker, barrel manufacturer and sweet apple cider-maker—had the greatest surprise of his life. He stuck his pencil in his mouth and over his ear in rapid succession. Then he blew his nose vociferously and looked squarely into John Talbot's face.

"And you mean to tell me, Talbot," he asked, "thet you are in earnest? You want to borrow money for half the value of the house and barn and farm land, is thet a fact?"

"Thet's the blame fact of the case, Dodgson," said Talbot, stalking up and down over meal bags, "take it or leave it; I'll get Jones to do it if you won't."

"Wall, reckon I ken fix it for yer," said the old fellow, after the first heat of astonishment. "S'pose yer're going on one long big blow-out, ain't yer?" he asked facetiously.

"None of your blame business, Sam Dodgson," shouted Talbot, as he banged the shop door, "take it or leave it."

"Whiz!" said the grocer, biting a mouthful of wood from the end of the pencil, "What's up now! Guess it's all right though—no mortgage on that place—it's been as clear as the Yarmouth Whistle for twenty years. I'll make it a go."

"Sam Dodgson," said the old man addressing himself, "thet feller's plagued strung up over suthin'. Didn't know he hed feelin' enough to get so strung up. There's one fact sartin, though, the widders and orphins ain't a-figerin' in it. Durned if it ain't a queerish world anyhow," he philosophized, scuffling his way out over the meal bags.

. . . . . .

John Talbot became red in the face as he took the letter from his sister Jane, who presented it in a hesitating fashion, as though she would say, "Am I casting the die which is to determine my fate? Does this mean that I am to go?"

Jane had mothered the numerous Talbot brood, now all departed, except these two, and yet she did not feel herself secure in her brother's house where she baked and scrubbed and more than paid for her "keep." So she glanced again shyly and doubtingly at the delicate feminine writing on the envelope before she released it wholly.

Jane saw that her brother was disturbed as he looked at it. She had never known his stoical countenance to take on just that expression before, and could not decide whether it represented unexpected good news or expected bad news, whether it augured well or ill for her. She had summoned forth the smallest indication of a voice when her brother stalked unheedingly from the room and up the narrow pine stairs. For awhile she could count her own heart beats, but they were soon drowned in the great thud of feet overhead as the man tore up and down the floor evidently in a tempest. Jane Talbot brushed a tear from her thin cheek and went back to her work with a light heart. "She won't have him!" she was saying triumphantly to herself, "and I don't know as I blame her, if he is my brother."

In the meantime John Talbot was going through the greatest moral struggle of his life. Should he or should he not fulfil the vow which he had made after leaving Anne Appleton's gate that day? Here she had squashed flat his kind invitation to ride in Jim Hick's new hack up to the reunion. Perhaps she misunderstood! He'd meant to make good, right there in public for the wrong he had done her and Bill Morton years back—he'd meant to be a man and come out with it slick and clean, right out plumb. Could he do it now after this plain, blunt refusal? "Prob'ly that was her manner, the way folks write in York state—where etiquette is precise, and rigid—prob'ly thet was it! P'raps—p'raps she thought he was a-trying to court her." For an instant a cynical smile passed over the man's rugged face, which indicated that he too well realized the unbridgable gulf which lay between Anne Appleton and himself. "Thet's senseless talk," said he sneeringly, and began pacing the floor again.

"I've allers admired thet woman, though," he reflected. "She's a high trump all right—I allers respected her. 'Twant no livin' soul but her brought Hattie Mills out o' thet ragin' typhoid and saved her to her poor mother. 'Twant no one else but her kept Nick Hanson bouyed up after he lost his wife an' child thet bad winter, set his house in order, brought

food and packed all his belongin's when he went to live off with his sister. What hedn't she done thet was good—what hed she done that was bad?" And as to Bill Morton—he could have beaten himself at the thought of his meanness to that great, big-hearted fellow.

"How ken I ever make it right with him?" he asked himself angrily. With a stamp of his clumsy foot his mind was resolved. "I ken an' I will," he shouted, as though to the hill tops. "I ken an' I will. I can't do it in public, though," he argued. "She won't be there, but I'll do it slick on the quiet—I'll go right to the hall—Bill is down for the first speech—when he's through deliberatin' I'll step up an' tell him how as Anne Appleton wants to see him 'bout somethin' perticular sence she can't be ter the reunion. My, won't his hair prick up at thet, though! Then I'll hev Hick's new hack awaitin' at the door, hustle him down there an' make everythin' right—right as ken be—thet is," he added seriously. "An' if need be," he proclaimed, "I'll print the whole blame business in the *Weekly*. I'll make it right with them, two, sure's preachin'." John Talbot stamped his foot again, being now irrevocably resolved, and went out through the kitchen door whistling. His sister Jane heard him and a nervous chill crept down her spine. "My, but he must a been dancin' thet time," she whimpered. "Do you honestly s'pose she's agoin' to hev him? After all he has got some real good points."

* * * * * *

Miss Anne listened sharp for a moment. She thought she heard a carriage stop with a jerk out on the front road, or was it at the back gate? To make sure she cooped her hands about her eyes and looked out through the kitchen window. There wasn't anything there. As she was about to draw down the curtain the bell tinkled in the hall and up went the curtain with a snap. Miss Anne was disturbed. She remembered it was the evening of Number Four reunion. She also recalled John Talbot's extraordinary invitation. But it seemed to her that by this hour the festivities must be well in progress. Still he might have the audacity, she thought, —it would be in touch with all the rest.

Miss Anne did not answer the first ring. She had to turn things over a bit in her mind. She drew down the refractory shade with great deliberation and even glanced in the little mirror above the table. She was not a vain woman but she had genuine dislike for unruly locks and collars which set untidily about the throat. Through the mirror, too, she could look herself in the eyes and get a sort of reflected light on the problem at hand. She had resolved never more to speak or act hastily.

The bell tinkled again, three bright, quick jerks, which bespoke impatience. She stepped into the little hallway. She felt now that she understood the situation and could meet it tactfully. She drew a deep breath and opened the door. She was prepared to see one manly figure, that of John Talbot, undaunted by her brief note of regret, and there he stood close to the door on the narrow step. But behind him, lower down, stood another, on whose face the pale lamplight fell strangely. Miss Anne did not recognize it at first and drew back.

"Good evening, Miss Anne!" said her two visitors.

"Good evening, gentlemen," was her respectful answer. "Won't you—"

Dr. Morton stepped forward, "Yes, we will come in; thank you," he said, anticipating what she could not

seem to say. "John here tells me you have sent for me, Anne, and no one's bidding is quicker obeyed than yours. Here I am after freeing myself from a whole lot of pent-up notions at the reunion—expected to see you there, Anne? Trust you are not ill?"

The woman could not reply at once. She managed to push open the parlor door and motion her visitors to chairs. "I am glad to—to see you, Mr. Talbot," she hesitated, "and—Dr. Morton. I regret I could not be present this evening. How does it happen that I have the pleasure?—"

John Talbot was fidgetting painfully, trying to find a berth for his great feet under the horsehair sofa. He had never felt so horribly conscious of himself in his life. He began to wish mightily that he had decided the other way, but here he was. He would be a man and see it through. The situation was growing strained — intolerable — something must be done. "Here goes!" said Talbot to himself.

"My friends," said he awkwardly, poking round the while in his loose pocket, "I'm a-comin' right to the point. I ain't no saint! I ain't no angel! Everyone knows thet. I'm 'ware I've got the repertation of bein' mean and stingy and I know I hev been pretty close, but one thing I do know—thet is I'm a-goin' to make good 'tween you two, thet's what I got yer down here fer, Bill—Miss Anne ain't sent fer yer—I hed to lie about it to get yer here."

Miss Anne looked strangely into space —she felt as though things weren't real. There were specks and forms floating in the air about her. She pressed her eyes hard with the tips of her slender fingers as if to rub something away. She thought there must be a film over them. As she glanced up again she felt Dr. Morton's eyes questioningly upon her. His gaze met hers and he, too, felt a questioning look.

John Talbot lapsed for a moment but he was not to be routed. They were both looking curiously and helplessly at him. Was this another piece of effrontery, they wondered, for which he had been noted as a boy? Dr. Morton seemed about to remonstrate. John Talbot knew it. "Now, if you'll hold on a minute, Bill," said he, his face aflame with excitement and his hand clenched over a greasy black wallet, "I'll make a clean breast of it, thet's what I come fer—I'm a-comin' right to the point. Thet singin' clock of Jairus Wood's you remember?" Dr. Morton nodded abstractedly. He lifted his eyes sadly for a moment to the lady sitting opposite in a rigid, suffering posture.

"Well," said John Talbot, stutteringly, "well—it didn't float down the river, Bill—it—it—didn't get lost—I—I—sold it and got three hundred and fifty dollars for it—thet's thirty-one years come July —an'—an' there's interest too." The man slipped a thick, elastic band from the greasy wallet and lay it open on his knee.

No one spoke, no one moved. Nothing broke the painful quiet but a sniffling noise as John Talbot mopped his face with his big blue handkerchief. William Morton and Anne Appleton looked speechlessly on while he fumbled with notes and bills. The money was sorted and put within the elastic band. The man found his voice again. He glanced from one to the other with a shrinking look that held in it complete understanding of his sin in all its loathsomeness and irretrievableness.

"This is yours, Bill," he said, offering Dr. Morton the thick package of money,

"and besides the price of the clock and interest, there's the price o' thet year you lost at college—I've reckoned it five hundred—ef—ef it's more, I'm a-goin' ter to make it more—I'm a-goin' to make it right—right as ken be, thet is!"

The tears came now in unmistakable fashion. John Talbot's great blue handkerchief could testify to that. He sniffed and sniffed and mopped and sniffed again.

William Morton, stolid and speechless, looked at the man.

Miss Anne could control her perplexed feelings no longer—"What is it all about, what does it all mean?" she gasped. "I don't under—"

"I've come ter tell it—I've come to make it right, Miss Anne," said Talbot, eager and frightened—"Sure's preachin', I want to make it right with you two—right as ken be thet is—I know I can't never—"

Dr. Morton hitched about on his chair angered almost to frenzy. "Out with it, Talbot!" he shouted madly—"out with it! Let the lady hear it all—let's hear it all!"

"Them's my intentions, Bill—I don't blame yer to be vexed with me—thet's what I come fer," said Talbot, loudly, growing bolder, as he noted the flash of wrath sweep over his old friend's face.

"Say, Miss Anne," he said, "I'm to blame, I'm the wicked one, I'm the rascal, that transgressed that commandment, an' I'll own up to it. It wasn't William Morton, it was me!"

Miss Anne became more rigid on her straight chair. She trembled and put her hands over her eyes. She could simply wait and endure.

"It was this way, Miss Anne, Bill an' I was chums them days. We hed some arguin' with old Jairus Wood off an on about inventin'. He claimed his clock was the only singin' bird clock in the world. We maintained it wasn't. Jairus, he said it was the only canary clock in Christendom an' it was worth three hundred dollars ef it was a cent. He was too gall-durned set up over thet clock. Bill an' I used to get perky over it,'cause we knew they hed bushels of 'em over to Switzerland and we knew Jairus must a copied one. We told him he did. So I says to Bill one day, 'let's play a trick on Jairus—it'll take some of thet durned pride out o' him. Let's get the clock out of the store an hide it over night down by the river.' We knew a good place where there was lots of underbrush. 'Then after a day or two we ken put it back 'thout his knowin.' It'll give him a good scare an' knock his braggin' out a little.' Bill laughed and said all right. He didn't mean no harm in the world. Neither did I—then. I managed to creep in through the winder thet night, while Jairus was home to his supper, an' I got the canary clock. Bill an' I hustled it down to the river an' set it in the deep grass near the shore. Then we both went home kinder scared. You've heard 'bout the devil temptin' folks, Miss Anne? I know he's never tempted you, Miss Anne, he wouldn't dare ter tempt you!"

The woman winced and grasped the arm of her chair as though to fortify herself against any such fearful onset.

The husky voice continued: "Well, I was terrible tempted thet night, Miss Anne. I didn't hev much o' this world's goods. My folks was poor, an like a lion ravin' fer prey I caught at thet idea of the clock. I was tempted—and I fell. Jairus said he could sell it any day fer three hundred dollars—three hundred dollars seemed to me like a everlastin' fortune—I said to myself—all ter onct, 'John Talbot, get in an it'll be the makin'

of you!' So I stole out o' the house late thet night an' ran down to the river—I got the clock all right an hustled it into my aunt's big carpet bag. Back I trudged with it to the house an' hid it up in the garret where we allers kep' the carpet bag filled with worm-eaten books—relics, I s'pose. In the mornin' I took the first train fer the city an' 'fore night I hed sold the clock an' was on my way home. The man give me three hundred an' fifty dollars fer it an' seemed tickled to get it. He said they was the greatest works he ever see in a clock an' the mechanism of it was wonderful. But I didn't feel all holy and happy even ef I did hev a fortune. Thet evenin' Bill came a runnin' over to my house white as a birch bark. He said Jairus Wood hed found out we fellers took the clock an' was goin' to hev us arrested ef we didn't give up. 'An' John, I've been down there huntin' all day fer it an can't find the thing,' said he growin' whiter an' shiverin' with fright. Then he asked me where I hed been all day. I remember I swallowed a ball in my throat an' said I'd been lying low, hidin' round like, so's not to be seen. 'But, Bill,' said I, "We'll go find it an' give it up—two's better than one to search for a thing." Down we went then, to look fer it, I knowin' it wan't there. I'm bitter ashamed, Bill, bitter ashamed to tell it. We hunted an' hunted, but of course, we didn't find no clock. It was in the city singin' away, thet canary was. Finally I told Bill it must hev drifted off with the tide an' Bill he actually believed thet it did. Well, Bill, I was dead ashamed," Talbot continued, "I acknowldege it, Miss Anne. I know you think I'm a blamed scoundrel, an' I was, I own to it, I was—I'll tell it full and clear though, fer I'm sorry fer it, I'm repentant, thet's what I am, sure."

"My father hed a large family an' no means but enough to buy the livin' victuals. Bill's father hed only him an' money in the bank. Bill was lucky—he was agoin' to hev a schoolin,' a-goin' to college an' I—I hed no chance. I saw we was caught an' I couldn't draw back. I says, 'Bill's father ken stand it an' I'll let him.' An,' so he did; rather than hev Bill arrested he paid Jairus the three hundred dollars for his canary clock an' Jairus didn't pros'cute the case. It was pretty well hushed up I ken tell you. I didn't know anyone knew it, Miss Anne. I didn't know you heard it, Miss Anne, but the worst of it was this, Miss Anne, an' I never ventured, upon my soul, Bill would hev to stand for it or I swear before the Lord I'd cut my right hand off first. Bill was to enter college in the Fall an'—an' for thet clock business his father made him wait a whole year longer. You see it took a year's schoolin' right out o' him.''

Dr. Morton sat like a statue, listening, his teeth set, his eyes fixed on the floor.

"Bill did not fail in his examinations, Miss Anne," said John Talbot, "he came out number one, I'll tell the truth, straight an' clean. I'm to blame—I was the guilty one. I separated you two, but I want ter make rep'ration, Miss Anne, so fur as ken be."

"Anne," asked Dr. Morton, solemnly, "was that the reason you refused to be my wife—you believed I had stolen that clock?"

"Yes," answered the trembling, tearful woman, "but I knew you had atoned for it long, long since. Oh I am so sorry, so sorry for all the past," she wept.

"I'm the scamp to be sorry, Miss Anne," interrupted John Talbot, with real emotion in his voice, "but I'll make

it right if it takes every remainin' day of my wretched life—right as ken be, thet is. Only one thing I ask you," he said pleadingly to the agitated doctor, who seemed to be between two minds as to whether he should decamp hastily or stand up and throttle the wrong-doer on the spot, "one thing only, thet you take this bit of money fer—"

"Nothing of the kind, sir," shouted the doctor furiously, "keep your money, sir!"

"But," urged Talbot, beseechingly, "won't you present it to Miss Anne, Bill, as a mark of my repentance, for I am repentant, Bill—I'm true repentant over it all. There's a small grove down near Rollin's Pond. Jane says Miss Anne has often wished she could fix it up fer outin's fer the poor children. Wouldn't you take it fer thet, Bill, just fer her sake? I know I can't never repay you; it isn't thet, Bill."

Miss Anne felt the sincerity of the man who was cowering before them, begging piteously. She looked earnestly and pleadingly toward William Morton. "If he really wishes it, William?" she urged gently.

Dr. Morton took the proffered gift reluctantly and without tender of thanks. "For your sake, Anne," he said, "allow me to present it to you here and now." The woman hesitated, said something nervously under her breath, and tearfully accepted the gift.

"Bless you, Bill. Bless you, Miss Anne," sniffed John Talbot. He glanced from one to the other, as if to search for signs of forgiveness in their faces and hurried out of the house.

"I'd mortgage the whole blame business and go to the poor house," he said to himself as he drove off in Jim Hick's new hack, "just to make it right with them two—right as ken be, thet is."

And it was made right with those two, that is, as right as could be after thirty years of separation and cruel misunderstanding.

In the dim little parlor there was a happy reunion that evening. Anne Appleton shed mingled tears of joy and sorrow but the joy prevailed when she learned that she could really be of service to this good man, against whom she had so long harbored a wrong thought.

"William," said she, smiling at him through tears, "I feel that it has all been for the best that we were not married during these thirty years."

"How can you say such a cruel thing, Anne, and at this time?" he questioned gravely.

"Well, it's this way," she answered with her usual gentleness, "if I'd been your wife I could not have helped save Hattie Mills from dying of typhoid, nor Emily Brown from pneumonia, nor Mrs. Tuttle from those awful burns. And you, why you wouldn't have gone to New Orleans that time and stopped the spread of that dreadful yellow fever. Yes, I heard all about your heroic work and your skill and, oh, you are a splendid man, William Morton, and I am so thankful that I can help you now when you most need me. Everything has turned out for the best now, hasn't it, William?"

Dr. Morton looked at her thoughtfully for a moment, but did not answer. Then he bent his head reverently and kissed tenderly the hand of his re-affianced wife.

Three months later Mrs. Josiah Blakley was enjoying an odorous New England dinner with the Mortons in their new home. She had been Sarah Wood in her youth, and she, too, had eaten from the tree of knowledge at District Number Four. When she mar-

ried Josiah, years back, she went off a hundred miles further into the country to live and now she was in town for a visit.

"Of all the strange things I ever hed happen to me, the strangest happened to me yesterday, Anne," said she sipping and chatting between sips. "As I was a-comin' round by Miss Bettins's and a-turnin' into the avenue, up steps John Talbot (you folks remember his pranks) and he says most perlitely, 'Sarah I was under a little oblergation to your father many years back. I was in hard straits then an' I couldn't pay it an' I wish you'd do me the kindness to accept it now, if it ain't too late.' He was real modest about it an' sorter shy like. Well, I was flustered, to be sure. I was about to ask him regardin' it, so's to make certain, fer I didn't know he owed it to father, no how. But he wouldn't hear it. He pressed the paper tight into my hand an' off he went. And it was the whole sum of fifty dollars. Would you ever thought William, thet Johnny Talbot ed be so upright an' comin'? Yer see it'll come in hansum cause Josiah's hed a poor grain year an' it'll jest make things even. Yer never ken tell 'bout folks, ken yer now?"

Dr. Morton toyed with his fork and looked across at his wife. Anne Morton stirred her tea mechanically and glanced strangely at her husband.

And Sarah Blakely wondered why neither answered her at once nor expressed any surprise. "You are right, my friend," said Dr. Morton after a moment of silence, "We can never really tell about folks."

THE EXILE.

BY CARL BENTHAM.

A great shadow was over everything in the room. Only the corner of the library table was lighted, where an old man sat perusing the pages of a book under the rays of a shaded electric reading-lamp. The reader turned a page and the stiff paper crackled. Instantly there came a noise from the other side of the table, something like the rustle of wings. In a few moments a sharp voice called, "Pretty Polly! Polly! Pretty Polly!"

"Yes, pretty Polly!" said the reader, without raising his head. And the bird replied:

"Polly loves father! Oh! Ho! Polly loves father!"

"Pretty Polly," said the reader again.

"Oh! Ho! Pretty Polly! Yes! Good evening, father!"

"Good evening, Polly!"

"Had you a hard day's work, father? Pretty Polly! Polly! Oh! Ho! Yes!"

The old man raised his head from the volume and peered across the table.

"Good evening, father!" said the bird, as the glitter of the reader's spectacles glinted into the shadow.

"Good evening, Polly!"

Then there was a wild flutter of wings as the bird clung to the side of its cage, while with head on one side it eyed its master and filled the room with its harsh voice.

"Father is come, Peggy! Where's Kerry Peggy? Father is come, Peggy!"

The old man slowly drew off his spectacles and laid them on the open page of his book, and resting his chin on his hands, with elbows on the table, he gazed fixedly over at the dimly-outlined bird. After the echo of the shrill voice had died

away, there came a deathlike stillness. The bird returned the fixed gaze, its head on one side. Again it spoke, this time very quietly.

"Hush! hush! father is tired! father wants sleep!" and, as if to give good example, it flew to its perch and buried its beak under a wing.

The old man turned from the reading lamp, and clasping his hands fell into a reverie. His thoughts fled back a half century, across the sea to another land. He was then a youth just blooming into manhood, and Peggy Daly was a *colleen* fair to see. The memory of the day came back vividly when he accompanied her down to the ferry-boat at Valentia Island to cross to Cahirciveen, and thence onwards to Queenstown, to be there swallowed up in the crowds of heart-broken men and women.

How distinctly the picture passed before him of the setting sun on the Atlantic, and he, poor, hopeful, expectant sitting in the heather far out on Bray Head, watching the steamers passing westwards along the horizon to the land where his Peggy had gone. For days, for weeks, for months he tramped across Valentia out to the Head—for he was told it was the nearest land to America—there to sit and dream of her.

At last after weary waiting came the letter from her with the price of his passage to the El Dorado of the west. He now recalled the terrible scenes of parting from his loved ones, and the loneliness, home sickness which nearly drove him mad. But his little Peggy was on the spot in the New Land to welcome him as the immigrants filed ashore at New York; and happiness came to him. Rather, it only then began. Before, he had lived from hand to mouth. He could have passed all his life in any part of Valentia and never be sure of his home for twenty-four hours. But now the free air of the Republic—which differed but slightly, in the eyes of the Irish, from the New Jerusalem—breathed on him. The shackles of thraldom and the terrors of landlordism disappeared, and he felt for the first time in his life that he was what God intended him to be—a man, a free man.

Yes, to Peggy he owed everything. She had a position for him to step into the moment he landed. True, the ladder had to be climbed, but he felt that he was able to climb any ladder that ever existed, either literally or metaphorically. No, he did not overestimate his strength or ability. It took time; but gradually, gradually, he crept from one rung to another until now, this dark and dismal lonely night, fifty-one years since he had left the green shores of Ireland, he rested on the topmost one.

She shared some of his triumphs. She gathered the home around him, she made his life one long stretch of the happiest moments man and wife could pass. Only one shadow had crossed it: the death of their children. One by one they faded away, leaving him and his frail Peggy to mourn in silence. If she were here to-night! If she were only here that he and she might once more cross the ocean and revisit the scenes of youth. What a happiness it would be to him! How dearly he would like once more to tramp out to Bray Head and look westwards, as the sun sank in the ocean. Or to walk with her through the slate quarry and shout down the cave and hear his voice coming back in mingled sounds like the muffled tones of a mighty organ. Could anything be more pleasant than for them to meet with the friends of their youth some Sunday after Mass in the old stone chapel on the lower road! Or to pass up in the afternoon to the

cross-roads near the graveyard and watch the youths dance the old-time jigs and reels. Ah! indeed, that would be happiness!

It was only since her death that his real triumphs had come. But the foundations of his immense fortune had been laid and built night after night, for years, by the fireside of the same room in which he now sat. He never made any move without consulting her, and she with an instinct that was rare piloted him clear of financial shoals and dangers. How happy those nights were! What a relief it was to return from the toil of the day and be welcomed by her cheerful smile and mirthful laughter! "Yes, yes," he murmured to himself, "if ever a man was blessed with a good wife it was I." Besides, he then had his little toddlers to climb up on his knee and pluck at his beard, and make him go down on his hands and knees to play horse for them. While she, jolly Peggy, laughed and helped the youngsters to straddle on his back.

It was then that the green-and-red crier was introduced into the household. The one yonder in the shadow was Polly IV. Three had come and gone; this one was the only link with the past. Polly IV. had been taught what her predecessors had known. A few simple words, but how golden they were now to the old man. They were like messages from the grave of her whom he loved, and they kept her memory green, if, indeed, it were possible that she could ever be forgotten.

Long, long years had passed since Polly I. had become a member of the family circle. Peggy had taught the bird to welcome him every evening when he returned home from work, with, "Good evening, father! Had you a hard day's work, father?"

In those days he worked very hard to succeed, and had generally to take a forty-winks nod after his evening meal. Here, again, the thoughtfulness of the wife appeared. One evening all in the house were astonished to hear the bird call out after the cloth was withdrawn: "Hush! hush! Father is tired! Father wants sleep!"

He in turn had taught the bird to screech out, "Father is come, Peggy! Where's Kerry Peggy?" And evening after evening his arrival was chronicled throughout the house by Polly's raucous voice.

The old man turned again to the open volume, and reaching out his hand took a photograph that was standing on the table. It was that of a young couple; the bridegroom supporting the hand of his bride. There were his pretty Peggy and himself. He could scarcely recognize himself, but all the poetry of his Celtic nature stirred within him as he gazed on the kindling eye and raven hair of his *colleen* bride. The words of "The Snowy Breasted Pearl" rose up in his memory and he applied them to her.

He placed the photograph on the open page and from the table drawer took a prayer-book. Out of it he gently lifted a small card bordered in black, and with lettering in silver ink. On one side was the miniature photograph of a frail, delicate-looking woman of advanced years. Side by side with the first picture he held the card and studied the change time had wrought. Something like a lump rose up in his throat, and the light of the electric reading-lamp became dimmed.

"What a lesson life has for us all," he could not help murmuring aloud.

"Hush! Hush! Father is tired! Father wants sleep!" came the voice from out the shadow across the table.

A CHORAL ODE.

BY THE REV. P. J. CORMICAN, S.J.

The following ode was suggested by a chorus in the "Athalie" of Racine. It is supposed to be sung by a band of Hebrew daughters who, in the midst of general ingratitude and widespread apostasy, met together to thank God for His manifold favors, but more especially for the fruits of the earth and the blessings of the Law. A chorus of French maidens at the present day might well chant that same ode in the ears of those godless men, who are trying to rob France of her priceless inheritance; who have banished the crucifix from the schoolroom and the name of God from text-books and public documents; who have defiled the sanctuary, plundered the cloister, and scattered devoted men and women to the ends of the earth.

Strophe 1.

The universe teems with the praise
  Of the God whom we love and adore;
His empire and fathomless ways
Preceded the dawning of days;
  Let us chant to His name evermore.

Antistrophe 1.

In vain the hate of the strong
Would silence His praise on our tongue,
  And efface His love from our heart;
For day announces to day
His power and His limitless sway;
  His glory shall never depart.
The firmament rings with His praise:
Let us hymn His wonderful ways.

Strophe 2.

The light is the gleam of His eye;
  The air is the breath of His mouth;
The cloud is His chariot on high,
  Which glides from the north to the south;
The wind is the whirr of His wings;
  The lightning the flash of His sword;
In truth He is highest of kings,
  And greatest of lords is the Lord.

Antistrophe 2.

The sun He commandeth to hie
From the south to a northern sky,
And scatter His gifts as it goes;
To quicken the slumbering soil,
And bless the toilers who toil,
And fill the land with repose.
He tints the flowers of the lea,
He ripens the fruits on the tree,
He sends us the dew and the rain;
He tempers the heat and the cold,
He renders a hundredfold,
He fills our garners with grain.
But the peerless gift without flaw
Is His sacred inviolate Law.

Strophe 3.

O Sinai, be mindful and proud
Of a day beyond others renowned,
When Jehovah was wrapped in a cloud,
And thy summit with glory was crowned.
What mean these flashes of fire,
The smoke and the noise and the roar,
And the trumpets that waken the dead?
Hath God come down in His ire
To shatter the earth to its core,
And shrivel it up to a shred?

Antistrophe 3.

He came to the Hebrews of yore
With a code of laws from above;
But they made them a calf to adore,
When He asked for a tribute of love.
From the tyrant's yoke and the flail
He rescued our fathers of old;
He fed them with manna and quail,
He heaped on them favors untold.
To us He is gracious still more:
Every morning before we awake,
His gifts are fresh at our door,
And we have but to seek and to take.
For the earth and the fulness thereof
He asks but a measure of love.

Strophe 4.

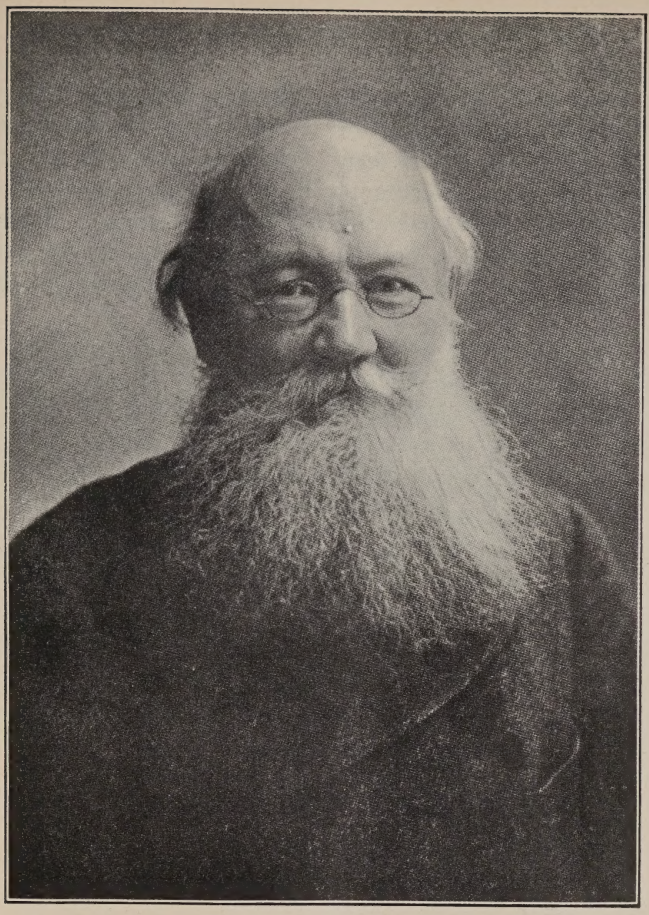
O ravishing Law and divine!
O Justice! O Bounty supreme!
What manifold claims are Thine
To every gift that is mine!
To love Thee is sweetness extreme.

Antistrophe 4.

O you, with the soul of a slave!
O you, with the heart of a thrall!
You are but a base-born knave,
If love does not move you at all.
For fear is the motive that rules
The underlings ground to the sod;
And they are but ingrates and fools,
Who love not Jehovah their God.

Entire Chorus.

O ineffable Law and divine!
O Jehovah, what bounty is this!
What myriad claims are Thine
To every breath that is mine!
To love Thee is exquisite bliss.



PRINCE PETER KROPOTKIN.

THE STRUGGLE FOR RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.

BY THE REV. FRANCIS A. CUNNINGHAM.

X.

Organized anti-Christianism.

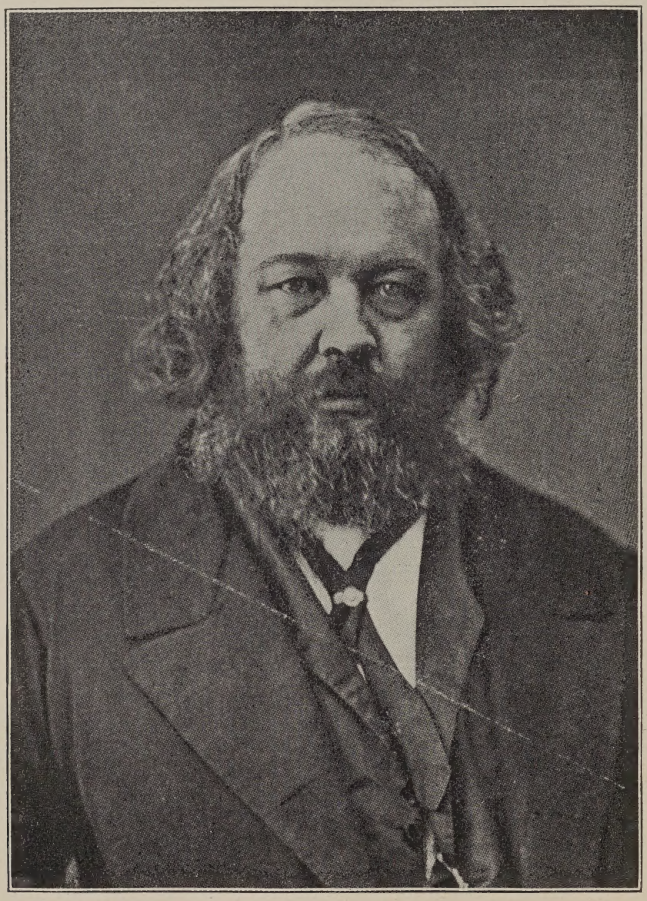
Socialism.

In the present article, the author does not wish to speak of that socialism which, especially here in America, aims simply at the bettering of social conditions from an economic point of view. Socialism has indeed obtained, through common use, a very elastic signification, embracing various degrees of reform or revolution from the ordinary attempt to alter the opportunities of the laboring classes to that very anti-Christian phase which has caused so much affliction in France. It is of this latter species of socialism that the present article treats.

Although this socialism is a phenomenon of the nineteenth century, yet it cannot be denied that its principles were enunciated in the infidel philosophies of the preceding century. The *Social Contract* of Rousseau, as well as his other like works, led naturally to that departure from existing modes of civilization which constitutes the aim of all socialism.

The words "socialism" and "socialist" were used for the first time in 1817, in

England. That was the year when, under the auspices of Robert Owen, the *Association of all Classes of all Nations* was formed, and these terms were employed in its first discussions. From England the word was carried to France where it appeared in a work of Reybaud, traced to the year 1817, when Robert Owen introduced before a committee of the House of Commons on the Poor Law, his plans for a socialistic community. It was the same year also that Saint-Simon began in France his development of the same ideas. Until 1848 its ex-



BAKUNIN.

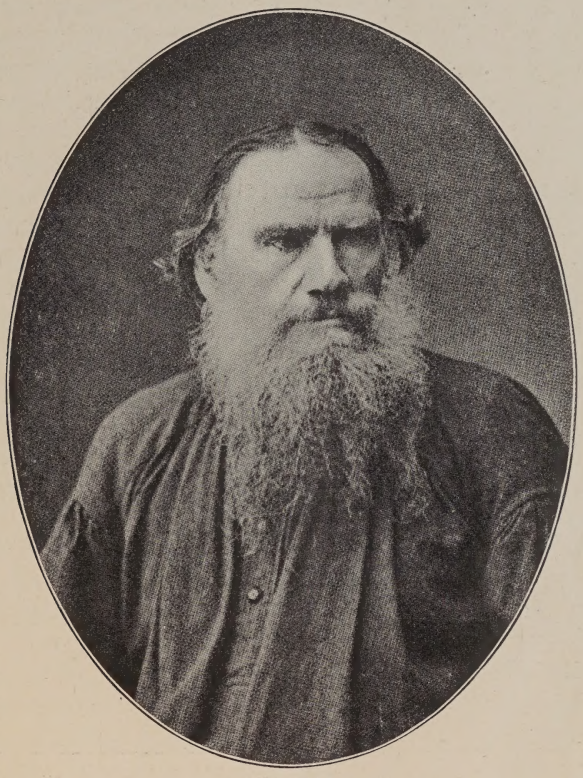
the *Reformateurs Modernes*. Thence it spread over the Continent until it came to be accepted as a word of international significance. It has been known also, under various shades of meaning, as collectivism, communism, internationalism, anarchism, nihilism, etc.

The movement of socialism may be ponents in France were chiefly Saint-Simon and Fourier. The Revolution of 1848 brought to the fore the more radical systems of Louis Blanc and Proudhon. A more destructive phase of socialism was represented in the *International*, a product of German economists, and which ran its more public course between

the years 1862 and 1872. The more recent systems of anarchy and nihilism were importations from Russia systematized upon the ideas of Proudhon.

It would be well to note, in the beginning, those characteristics in which all forms of socialism agree, before touching upon the distinctive doctrines or programmes of each. The basis of all modern socialism consists in the negation of God, or at least in a misrepresentation of His nature. The earliest school, that of Saint-Simon, admitted the existence of God, but as their idea of the Divinity was entirely pantheistic, their creed could mean nothing more than practical atheism. Fourier also admitted a semi-pantheistic idea of God. In the later systems all recognition of God has been eliminated to such an extent that one may say that socialism reposes upon the foundation of atheism. With the negation of God there follows necessarily a denial of divine revelation, of the divinity of Christ, and of all authority in the Church. Thus socialism is at once atheistic, anti-Christian and anti-Catholic.

Another cardinal theory of socialism is that of the *rehabilitation of the flesh.*



TOLSTOI.

Upon this theory it has built up that system of immorality to which socialists refer as the freedom of natural instincts, free love, with their natural consequences—the abolition of marriage, and the destruction of the family. In opposition to Catholic teaching the socialist would deny the fact of original sin with its resulting subjection of the material body to the spiritual soul. Hence the

socialist pretends to uplift the body to an equality in rights and honors with the soul. Later, they deny even the very existence of the soul, and confine their whole interest upon the body alone. It is thus, that by removing the two cardinal principles of religion, divine revelation and Christian morality, it appeared to them an easy task to overturn the whole structure of modern civilization.

Ostensibly the socialist seeks a new order of society in which men may enjoy an equality in all social, economic and political matters. Hence that vague, sentimental altruism which characterizes all their teachings. Their professions of brotherly love, however, lack the ring of truth and sincerity. Hence that fundamental denunciation, in the economic order, of the right to private property, hence their aversion for lawfully constituted government, and their abhorrence of the peace which consists in a conscience at rest with God.

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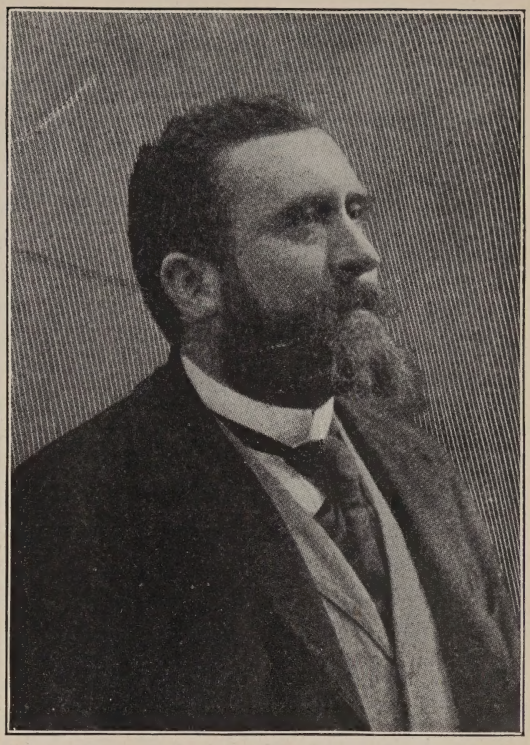
It is principally in the nature of the final utopias and the means of attaining them that the various schools of socialism differ. Saint-Simon (1760–1825) would place all political society under the control of industrial chiefs, and would leave what he calls the "spiritual direction" of society to men of science. Thus he would abolish all royal or hereditary rule, and eliminate all ecclesiastical hierarchies. To effect the com-

PIERRE-JOSEPH PROUDHON.

plete reversal of property and capital to the State he would do away with the laws of inheritance, making the State sole heir and final possessor of all instruments of production.

Enfantin, the successor of Saint-Simon, carrying his system to its final results, proved the cause of its downfall. This eccentric apostle of socialism placed the greatest stress upon absolute freedom of life, and his followers, living in a communistic society at Menilmontant, so horrified the population of the land through their immorality that the people were aroused to indignation. Enfantin and his colony were haled before the civil courts in 1832, and his association definitely abolished.



M. JAURÈS.

The socialism of Fourier (1772–1837) was the first theory of organized rationalistic communism. Practically he would begin his reforms by founding certain communities here and there (phalanges, he called them). Each phalanx—the members of which were to dwell together in one common home—was to consist of about four hundred families, or from twenty-four to thirty-two groups of from seven to nine persons. All property was to be held in common by the phalanx. From the common product of labor and common capital a certain amount was to be utilized in providing a comfortable minimum for every member. Of the remainder, five twelfths went to labor, four twelfths to capital, and three-twelfths to talent. Free love was to be recognized. Marriages could be freely contracted and as freely dissolved, although the parties, after a trial of marriage, might permit their union to become permanent. It was the dream of Fourier that phalanges might be multiplied until the system should cover the whole world and be united under a central capital in Constantinople.

These first essays of socialism were so utterly fantastic as to merit disapprobation from all succeeding systems. Nevertheless, they performed their part in creating that spirit of social unrest out of which later forms were developed.

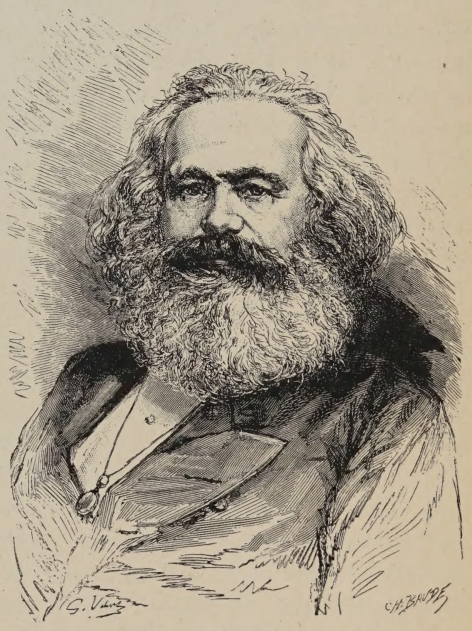
In these earlier theories Saint-Simon and Fourier showed themselves not wholly averse to capital and property; moreover, their appeals were directed rather to the educated and higher classes than to the proletariat. During the decade, from 1840 to 1850, a more radical form of socialism began to make itself felt, a form that appealed directly to the working class, as oppressed and

SAINT-SIMON.
(1760–1825.)

enslaved by the middle and higher classes. The chief exponents of these newer sects were Louis Blanc (1811–1882) and Pierre Proudhon (1809–1865). The former advocated a system of national workshops as a means of employing laborers on the co-operative plan, and thus in time forcing the abolition of all private factories. It was but a means towards the final consummation of collective property. The national workshop system was tried in Paris in 1848, but resulted in a disastrous failure, which Blanc, in his disappointment, attributed to the envy of his opponents in the government, who, he declared, had purposely cast obstacles in the way of its success.

Proudhon looked to a complete transformation of society. His whole theory in regard to capital and private ownership is expressed in his formula: "Property is theft." The right of property was to be replaced by the simple right of possession. Another expression displays his ideas in regard to the State. He declares that "Government of man by man in any form is oppression." He holds, moreover, that "the highest perfection of society is found in the union of order and anarchy." It is unnecessary to state that under all the theories of Proudhon rests a basis of atheism.

Following upon the schemes of Blanc and Proudhon, socialism entered upon a more bitter and radical stage, that of the *International*. It is true that this latter phase is entirely German in its origin, but, as its name implies, its scope was world-wide. Contemporaneous in its beginnings with earlier socialism, and springing by a perverted evolution, from the plans of Lasalle and Rodbertus, its evil effects reached their worst prominence during the latter half of the last



KARL MARX.
(1814–1883.)

century. The founder of the *International* was Karl Marx, a native of Treves (1818–1883). A Jew by birth, he embraced Protestantism in his boyhood only to abandon it later for atheism. The seeds of Internationalism were sown in 1836, in a secret communistic society formed at Paris under the name of the *League of the Just*. The aim of this league is manifest from the words of its constitution: "The aim of the League is the overthrow of the middle class, the rule of the proletariat, the abolition of the old society resting on class antagonism, and the founding of a new society without classes and without private property."

After many congresses held in different cities of Europe, the League was finally merged into an association entitled the International Association of Working Men, in the year 1862. Appropriately enough, the foundation of the International, as it is called, took place at the International exhibition held in London, that year. The central council of the International was located at London, and, directed from that place, the association convoked many congresses during the next decade. The last regular congress was that of the Hague, in 1872, when on account of a dispute with the anarchistic portion of the members, the seat of government was removed from London to New York. Thenceforth interest in the association declined, until it finally ceased to be a public factor in socialism.

Internationalism was based upon materialism. It conceived the economic order as the basis of all social order. It accepted the theory of evolution in the economic and social orders, as in all things else. It declared that the contradictions and disorders of existing society can be solved only by an explicit recognition of the social character of production. It would have the proletariat seize political power and transform the means of production into social possession. The State, it held, would eventually become superfluous, and die away, after which the government would consist solely in the control of industrial processes. Its leading spirits, besides Karl Marx, were Engels, Leibnicht and Bebel, with a large following in Germany and France.

The last phase of socialistic thought found its expression in anarchy. This system is a Russian product, although systematized according to the ideas of the French Proudhon. Its reputed founder was one Michael Bakunin, (1814–1876), a Russian. Anarchy (signifying philologically the negation of law) is based on materialism, is revolutionary, and aims at the destruction of all external authority, by every means available. It rejects all systems in every name, from the idea of God downwards, and every form of authority whether emanating from the will of a Sovereign or from universal suffrage. Economically it is collectivism; its action is revolutionary and destructive, and it rests on the negation of God and religion. Among its exponents, besides Bakunin, were Prince Krapotkine, Emile Gautier, Ravachol, Herr Most and the like.

The hatred which every form of modern socialism bears to Christianity and especially to Catholicity is a patent fact. It is embalmed in literature emanating from every field in which the collectivists have obtained a sitting. Viviani from the tribune of the Chamber denounced in no mistakable terms the Church as the enemy of civil society. "We must oppose," he said, "to that divine religion

which comforts suffering with the promise of future reparation, the religion of humanity which consoles suffering with the promise of earthly happiness." These terms were submitted to the socialist group of Paris for their approval before their public declaration. It was Karl Marx who characterized religion as the "opium of the people," and Bebel did not hesitate to proclaim in the open Reichstag: "We leave Heaven to the angels and the sparrows." Again he wrote: "In the society of the future, religion will vanish of itself." Leibnicht in 1883, on the occasion of the death of Marx, called upon humanity "to deliver the world from God." In the Reichstag he declared: "We have adopted the doctrine of atheism, and we believe it our duty to propagate it, and inject it into the masses."

At the Congress of Bruxelles, in 1868, Eugene Dupont cried out: "Away with governments, for governments crush us with taxes! Away with armies, for they murder us! Away with religion, for it smothers the intelligence!" It was at a meeting in London, in 1869, that an address was read to General Grant, which contained the following luminous passage: "the people of whatever country, race, or law, which cannot shake off Catholicism, is arrested in its progress or on the decline; it remains stationary or falls back into infancy, if it does not die before its time."

It would be amusing, were it not pitiable, to note how the modern socialists score Marx and the earlier schools for their materialism, and then proceed to declare in how far it is proper to adopt the same. Thus G. Renard, in his *Studies on Contemporary France*, (1887) declares that the socialists of his years "proclaim themselves materialists in this sense, that they do not admit in man the co-existence of two different substances, the soul and the body; that they do not look to the future life to compensate for the evils of the present world; that they do not expect from some superior power a paradise celestial or terrestrial." Certainly no materialism could exceed that.

The hatred of socialism is manifested not alone in theory and doctrine; it displays itself more clearly in its actions. The socialist press recognizes no restraining bounds. Every means of attacking the Church, of injuring her, of ridiculing her, and of rendering her odious, is regarded as lawful. Insinuations the most perfidious, and calumnies the most indecent make up the subject matter of such journals as the *Petite Republique*, the *Lanterne*, the *Aurore*, the *Petit Sou*, not to speak of the deluge of pamphlets and books that seem to utter a constant cry against the Church and her priests. The terms with which they characterize the clergy are brutal; they are described as "scrofulous," "rats," "men whose intellectual, moral and physical resources are pitiable," "imbeciles," and the like. The socialist papers impute to the Church a glorification of crime: "All crimes and vices are justified if not glorified by these bandits in cassocks," affirms the *Petite Republique*, Oct. 2, 1896. The same journal, Jan. 25, 1901, declares "In their infamous books, hypocrisy, lying, and mental restriction are presented as the proceeds of moralization." And so the concert goes on.

In every portion of the community into which the socialist has gained entrance, the masses have become brutalized and savage. Let a priest in his cassock dare to traverse those quarters which shelter the rendezvous of socialism, and he hears

on every side insulting and filthy reflections upon his order, from women as well as from men; the children abandon their play to shout "down with the priests!" and he is very fortunate if they do not take up stones to cast at him. In these dens of atheism and immorality the sight of a cassock is like the waving of a red rag in the eyes of a bull. The Cross of Christ has become through them the standard of an enemy against whom they shout their defiance in the song of the *Carmagnole*. To the socialist party, ever since the days of Karl Marx, the Church has become an hereditary enemy, detested and pursued with a hatred that is violent and implacable.

When socialism is asked to give a reason for its persecution of the Church, it will answer: "We make war upon religion in the name of liberty, in the name of science, and in the name of justice." It would be well to examine the value of this plea.

In the name of liberty! That was the cry of Jean Jacques Rousseau when the social order wounded his pride and sensitiveness; he detested the moral law which condemned his passions, his immorality, and his cowardly abandonment of his children. Hence his declamations against letters, science and arts, "flowers strewn over the chains which bind humanity;" hence his protestations against what he called the social conventions. The whole nineteenth century has lived in the atmosphere of his evil theories. They have saturated the stage, the drama, the novel, all literature wherein a glamor of sanctity is thrown over immoral passion. The socialist of to-day declares against every law, every master, and speaks grandiloquently of the coming reign of perfect liberty.

And yet, if he looks to nature, he will find himself restrained by the bonds of her brutal laws. He aspires to eternal youth; the years drag him along in their fatal course, and cast him unfeelingly into the decrepitude of old age. He loves to feel in his veins the plenitude of life; but suffering comes to menace and destroy his vigor. Accidents, misery, misfortune, surround him like flocks of savage vultures. And when he rests from his labor to breathe a moment of comfort, then hunger, nakedness, and the cries of his little ones torment and pursue him. He is at the mercy of the laws of nature, and no flowery system of universal liberty may ever liberate him therefrom.

In the social world the child will always be subject to his parents; the weak to the strong. Free will itself has its tyrant, the conscience. I have no right to take up a hammer and break the head of that infant sleeping peacefully in its cradle. I have no right to strike down the passerby whom I meet in the street. A law stands in the way, and its punishment is remorse. And thus, turn whatever way he will, man will always find around him imperious masters. He dreams of independence, he would be his own God; and behold! all things—nature, the social order, conscience—answer him with laughter.

The Church which he makes out the enemy of liberty proclaims alone the true reign of free will in man, a faculty of which no physical persecution can ever rob him. In her bosom alone is found that freedom which rests and consoles. In place of this, socialism would substitute a vast, savage monster from out of whose jaws courses a stream of blood, the blood of humanity devoured by its insatiable hatred. It would substitute a tyranny wherein man would become

little more than the spokes and nails in the wheels of a gigantic car of Juggernaut trailing its way over the prostrate bodies of victims who have thrown themselves in its path.

Others would persecute in the name of science. We know all the variations that can be executed upon that theme and the refrains which it is capable of inspiring. From out the ranks of the socialists you can hear the voice of Viviani declaring for the "ideal of free thought," of J. Jaures calling for "thought which is republican and rigorously laic." It is hard to see what the Republic has to do in the contention. Marx called religion "an unreasonable idea;" and Leibnicht proclaimed that "natural science delivers the world from God," and so on.

In the face of these assertions the Church has ever shown a love for science, and her scientific curiosity has been sharpened by the highest motive which can actuate human intelligence. She sees in nature the work and image of the Creator; looking upon the spectacle of the visible world, she contemplates and studies with admiration the heavens and the earth, seeking to decipher the divine characters imprinted upon every page of the universe. In place of extinguishing her love for science, Christian faith vivifies and ennobles it, since to the believer, science is a means of knowing and loving God. It is not surprising thus, that the Church has always placed herself at the very head of the scientific movement.

Moreover, how can natural science or its wonderful discoveries affect dogma, which moves in the sphere of the supernatural? Shall a belief in God and divine revelation prevent me from studying chemistry, physics, astronomy or any other branch of science? If so, how account for the thousands of Catholic scholars who stand at the head of students and workers in all branches of human endeavor? Moreover, who ever gave the monopoly of scientific attainment to non-Catholics? Do non-Catholics hold a higher place in the fields of scientific investigation and discovery? The answer to all these questions is found in the records of the scientific history of the last hundred years, and is not unfavorable to the children of the Church. Has the Church condemned or hindered Lainnec, La Verrier, Secchi, Johannes Muller, Volta, Coulomb, Fresnel, Biot, Malus, Louis Pasteur, etc., etc.? These and thousands like them were men of the highest science, and did not disdain the recitation of the Rosary. And if it is sometimes objected that the Church frowns upon the material inventions which signalize the progress of science, one might ask if the saintly souls of France who journeyed from place to place upon the railroads ever felt a qualm of conscience for the same? Or am I less a Catholic because I use the telephone installed in my house? Or must I reject medical aid because physicians have discovered germs and microbes? These questions seem ridiculous, but they sum up in the best manner the ridiculous assumptions of those who would cast the aspersion upon the Church that she is averse to scientific progress. And one might even ask still further, how has Viviani, or J. Jaures, or Turot and the phalanx of political jobbers who make capital of popular credulity, how have they shown any proficiency in the line of scientific thought? True science, and truly scientific minds have ever looked upon the Church with respect; it is only the half-educated, the literary dema-

gogues who assume high language in assailing her.

The most common plea for persecuting the Church is made in the name of justice. The Church is accused of inability to ameliorate the lot of the working man; and it is said that she holds out no solace for the evils of humanity but resignation and charity. "We want none of your charity," cry the socialists. "Alms is only a humiliation; we do not want to be beggars; we want what belongs to us in strict equity, our share in the distribution of social wealth. Resignation in the hope of future reparation is too platonic and mystical; we want a solace for our actual lot, a less bitter condition of life. That is justice!"

That the Church abounds in charity to the suffering and the poor even the most bitter among socialists have admitted. In that she has followed in the footsteps of her divine Master who "went about doing good." It is not this, however, that is demanded, but justice. Does the Church stand forth as the exponent of strict justice among men? Take up her catechism and you read: "Thou shalt not steal." "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods." Thereby theft, the very desire of theft, under all forms is forbidden; not only theft which consists in formally taking away the goods of a neighbor, but also that disguised theft which is concealed, of usury, fraud, or iniquitous contracts. The contract which binds the employer and employée is made subject to this law as well as others. The Church exacts that all salaries, those of domestics, of employées, of laborers, shall be conformable to the rules of strict equity. If the Church forbids the workman to defraud or rob his employer, with equal rigor does she forbid the employer to circumvent or defraud his employée. Hence in her catechism she places among the sins that cry to heaven for vengeance: "Oppression of the poor, and defrauding laborers of their wages."

It is not the fault of the Church that so many crying injustices reign in society. Every effort has been made to break the sceptre of the Church, to destroy her moral law, and to hinder her action. When, therefore, the greatest moral force in the world must cease to be exercised in certain circumstances and places, is it astonishing that the most elementary moral laws are trampled under foot? How is the Church responsible for it? It is because her hands are tied that things go to pieces. Let there be a return to true Christianity, or at least let Christianity preach freely its moral law, with favor instead of hindrance, and at once the evils which afflict the working man will disappear. We shall then see that the Church is not powerless to bring to humanity the ideal of justice. She has given examples enough in France to show the blessings of her law. At Roubaix, at Tourcoing, at Lille, she has assembled numbers of employers in the *Association of Christian Patrons*. Their efforts are ameliorating the conditions of the working men more and more every day. At Varmeriville, M. Harmel has so far succeeded in satisfying the claims of labor that the socialists no longer visit his establishment in search of recruits.

What is needed is only a Christian spirit to moderate egotism and the insatiable greed for wealth, developing at the same time love of neighbor, and encouraging the aspirations for well-being within just limits. Let there be moderation in desire, and the conviction that there is a happiness greater

than that of riches, and the question will soon solve itself. As long as the appetite is unrestrained the voice of justice cannot make itself heard. If the love of justice is only superficial, if it does not reach to the heart, you cannot make justice rule exteriorly by force. The dream of the socialists that the empire of justice will establish itself is but a chimera; as long as it shall not have destroyed the human passions—and that destruction is unimaginable—the source of injustice will exist.

Pope Leo XIII. in his celebrated encyclicals shows a deep interest in the condition of the workingmen and traces therein with a sure hand the principles which should be followed in the solution of their problems. In the face of socialistic schools a Christian democracy is founded to keep in touch with current questions, in the desire to arrive at efficacious reforms. Co-operative societies, people's houses, bureaus for the relief of the aged and infirm enable the Catholic forces to ameliorate the condition of the laborers. The Church has urged recourse to the State for the protection of women-workers and for children. No aspect of the question escapes her, and what gives to her efforts an incontestable value is the fact that they are inspired by justice alone, and carry with them no menace of revolution.

Socialism can thus find no excuse for its persecutions in the names of liberty, science, or justice. There remain only the claims of selfishness, the desires of the brute passions, and the envy of happiness in others. The incentives of personal effort to gain the means of subsistence have lost their force when once the heart has turned away from God and his religion. What is needed most is instruction, education, a sense of justice among men, and a humble willingness to follow the leading of Christ in the Gospel and in His Church. Socialism will vanish together with social evils when the truth is made known to all men. "You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."

Freemasonry.

After having traversed the various phases of effacement, silence and adulation before the public powers, freemasonry has again come into power. Under the cover of the Republic it forms a veritable political organization imposing its will upon the people. It has in all its forms in France a membership of nearly 30,000. The Grand Orient, the most important of the four masonic federations existing in France, has about 20,000 adherents grouped into 330 lodges. Above the lodges are groups of a superior degree, the fifty Chapters, comprising masons from the third to the eighteenth degree with the title of the Rose-Cross. Then there are the nineteen Areopages composed of masons from the eighteenth to the thirtieth degree, with the title of the Kadosch-Chevaliers. Finally, there is the Grand College of Rites composed entirely of members in the thirty-third degree. The mission of the Grand College of Rites is to watch over the cult of traditions and the maintenance of doctrines.

The Council of the Order of the Grand Orient of France is a sort of executive power which is itself in permanent touch with the public powers of the State. A general deliberative assembly, known as the Convent, is held every year in Paris; it is composed of delegates from all the lodges, and elects every year one-third of the Council of the Order.

Masonry of the Scottish Rite, similar

in many respects to that of the Grand Orient, has about 6,000 adherents; while the other two associations, those of the Rite of Misraim and Mixed Masonry, count 3,000 more or less.

"Freemasonry celebrates with pomp, in the shadows of its temples, masonic marriages; it has rituals for masonic baptisms and funerals; it organizes feasts of adolescence to replace first Communion; by bitter sermons it arouses the fanaticism of its adepts in the lower lodges." (*Prache*).

Masonry, in France, is thus a religion, a sect. It has its hierarchies, its temples, its religious observances, its sermons and its doctrines. Its religious character, such as it is, evades the popular eye. One reason for this may be found in the fact that it seems to take account of the male element alone, while religion, as popularly conceived, is open as well to women and children—in a word, to the family. Another reason for the same is the secrecy which veils all its operations. Its war, therefore, against Catholicism is a religious war fanned by the spirit of intolerance and bigotry, as much as any war carried on by Mahometans against the races of Christianity.

The fact that masonry is a religion does not, however, mean that its doctrines teach Christianity. There are religions which cast aside all belief in God, fashioning a deity of their own. The worship of Reason during the Revolution, and the subsequent cult of the Supreme Being had no connection or alliance with the faith of Christians. Hence also, in French masonry the spirit of Christianity is wanting. It sometimes professes a religious neutrality to reassure the timid and encourage them during the process of initiation. But it is a fact that after 1877 it ceased to mention God, the Grand Architect of the Universe, and erased from its statutes the paragraphs which respected the religious faith and political opinions of its members. It was shortly after that year, 1879, that the declaration of war against clericalism was pronounced. In 1880, a member of the Council of the Order of the Grand Orient made the following declaration: "The distinction between Catholicism and clericalism is purely official, subtile, for the needs of the tribune; but here, in the lodge, we speak out the truth, that Catholicism and clericalism are one and the same." This avowal displays the fact that the public utterances of freemasons are not always conformable to what they hold in the privacy of their lodges. Thus, in public they have declared that masonry respects the religious beliefs of its members; yet in the Convent, *Clémene Amitie*, 1881, an orator comments thus upon the notorious saying of Voltaire: "Yes, it is our duty to crush the *infamous one*, but the infamous one is not clericalism, it is God." Thus while masonry is a religion, it is a religion without God.

One of the tactics of masonry is to wrap itself up in profound secrecy. Its oath is significant: "On this sword, symbol of honor; on this shield, emblem of rectitude and right; on this book containing the law of the freemasons, which shall henceforth be my own, I pledge myself to guard inviolably the masonic secret, never to say or write anything of what I shall have seen or heard in the assemblies of the Masons, or upon any question which shall have interest for the Order, at least without having received express permission, and

only in the manner which shall be indicated to me."

By the occult action which it exercises upon the political government, masonry can influence the public power, without incurring any of its responsibilities. The secret imposes a certain discipline, and exacts from the adepts absolute obedience to the superiors of the Order, in return for the services they receive; it permits politicians to alienate their independence and their liberty of conscience. Under its cover masonry has prepared, and then imposed upon the government political laws which despoil the country of the liberties it has acquired after long and laborious efforts; it is under the cover of its secret that it has prepared weapons to sustain its long and bitter contest against Catholicity. Of the contest itself it makes no mystery; it is only over the means of attaining its end that the cloak of secrecy is thrown.

And yet with all its astuteness, masonry could not conceal the evident contradiction upon which much of its life is built. This is manifested in the discussion upon the law for liberty of association, voted in 1901. One can ask by what system of sophistry the orators of the sect could so poison their sense of propriety as to have the courage to condemn in religious congregations the vow of obedience, after having themselves pronounced the masonic oath. Men who have sworn to unknown superiors an oath so blind and binding, ought not to push their inconsistency so far as to reproach the religious for the inoffensive vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, whereby they consecrate their lives to the worship of God and the service of their fellowmen. The vow of poverty inspires a sentiment of charity which has never adorned the freemason, however disinterested or generous. He who makes it engages to aid his neighbor with the superfluity from the products of his labor. There was little starvation among the poor living in the vicinity of the monasteries. The vows of poverty and chastity conquer the lower instincts of human nature, and by purifying the soul raise it up to a clearer perception of the divine goodness. The vow of obedience is a consecration of that rule of discipline which is imposed upon all men living in society. With religious the vow of obedience is made to God, and to ecclesiastical superiors who seek the truth in God's revelation and laws. With masons the oath is imposed by an occult power, hiding behind the barriers of secrecy and falsehood. The honor of the sword has therefore no connection with the question.

Freemasonry is recruited principally from the class of the petit bourgeois, people of small but sufficient competence, together with politicians to whom any means of attaining popularity and power is lawful; it cannot thus be reckoned as containing the best elements of the nation.

The influence exercised by masonry upon the Government of France needs no demonstration, since it is avowed by the sect itself. The true danger arising from such an extraordinary condition, namely, a republican and democratic government submissive to the will of an international secret association, lies in the ignorance of the French people as to the real meaning of the situation. Freemasonry has inspired most of the important laws promulgated during the last thirty years. The school laws, the military laws, the associations law, and many others have been elaborated in the lodges, before being presented to

the Chambers for voting. All these laws conceived in an anti-liberal spirit, betray tendencies hostile to the national, religious and patriotic sentiment in which the nation had sought the principle of comfort, prosperity and peace. The work of masonry has moreover, made of France a cats-paw in the hands of foreign rivals, who through this international secret association, weaken the nation internally, embroil it with other nations, and make it a subject of mockery to the world. It is only French masonry which could waste its time in dreaming of a United States of Europe, a political consummation in which France would work out the experiment for the profit of other nations.

Pope Leo XIII. in his encyclical, April 20, 1884, entered into the very depths of the caverns of masonry, and has thrown the light of day upon the horrid features and dark works of the tyrant. He has shown that masonry is only another name for naturalism, that it is actuated by the negation of revelation, that its work is the destruction of all religion and social order; its power and its arms are that vast network of associations bound together by impious and criminal oaths, and enveloping the two worlds in chains of steel.

* * *

In the campaign carried on by a world of enemies against the Church a prominent part must be acknowledged for the efforts of French-Judaism and French-Protestantism. Paul Bert did not hestitate to say: "If it were a question only of the two religions, Jewish and Protestant, we should have no objections to make against them. The first is only a relic of a past thirty times secular, a legacy piously preserved by heirs who have lost all thought of domination; the second, professed by hardly one fortieth of the French population, accords to its faithful a liberty the consequence of which is that division into numberless sects which is a guarantee against the danger of any common political assault." He concludes his remarks:

> "The religion which we are combatting, and the only one, is that religion which has inscribed upon its baptismal registers ninety-seven per cent. of the children of the country. It is that Church, strong, unchangeable, disciplined, hierarchical, which, ever since her triumph over Arianism, has dominated that country whose kings were honored with the title of her eldest sons, who has been the sole rule and mistress of intellectual development; who during fourteen centuries has educated in her own way the children of this country, and impregnated them with her spirit to the very marrow of their bones; who has moulded, so to speak, the soul of France, and stamped every generation with her sovereign seal."

This was the majestic queen whom Paul Bert would dethrone, or is she not rather a mother whom he would murder? Judaism, like freemasonry, whose ranks it has of late so well recruited, has become a State religion; the army, the magistracy, the public wealth, the public functions, all the forces of the country, and all her destinies, from within as well as from without, feel the influence of Judaism. The press is a powerful factor in its hands, the stage depicts its ideas, philosophy itself is stamped with its image and tends to conclusions dictated by Jewish minds.

It is a strange condition by which the 37,000,000 of French Catholics should permit the domination of these opposing sects. Socialism in its various forms elected 209 members of the Chamber of Deputies in 1906. Freemasonry with its 29,000 members has forced a hostile legislation upon 37,000,000 of French Catholics. The Protestants are about 650,000 in all France. Yet in the seventh

Legislature, the last of the nineteenth century, they had seventy representatives out of 576 deputies, and fifty-five out of the 300 senators. Although only a fortieth part of the population, they hold one-eighth of the members of the Government.

These facts display at once the extraordinary patience of a people trampled upon in those very rights which the opposing sects proclaim to be sacred, the rights of representation and political life. It is only now that Catholic France is awakening to a sense of its true position. That union which hitherto was wanting in a people submissive to popular law, is beginning to assert itself. The people are coming together under the leadership of their fearless bishops and clergy, and preparing for the time when they shall again be free men, free in their right to govern themselves, free in their right to religion, free in the sacred aspirations of the family, free in their right to teach their little ones, free in their associations, in a word free as men who have received their immortal souls from God, and who may deliver them up to no earthly power that men can ever create.

(To be continued.)

MRS. BLAKELY'S BONNET.

BY MARY M. REDMOND.

In spite of the drizzling rain, a crowd had gathered before the window of a fashionable millinery store in a Western town, wherein the latest spring styles were alluringly displayed.

"Helen, isn't that just the sweetest thing!" Mrs. Blakely cried, her plain, commonplace face alight with admiration, "that soft, dainty gray—with the violets tucked under the brim! Oh, isn't it a dear!" "Yes, it is pretty," Helen replied, craning her neck to peer over the shoulders of the fat woman in front of her.

Mrs. Blakely, followed by Helen, edged her way gently through the crowd until she stood immediately in front of the window. The woman on her right planted a muddy boot on the flounce of her best dress, and the rain trickling off the fat woman's umbrella ran in a small stream down her back; but she seemed oblivious of every discomfort. Her whole attention was riveted upon the dainty creation in the window.

"All my life I've wanted just such a hat"—she murmured half to herself—"soft and dainty and smart;—and all my life I've worn just plain black or brown things,—bought with a view of service rather than adornment. Oh, dear, I *would* love to have one really pretty hat before I'm too old to enjoy it!"

Helen turned and looked at her in astonishment. They were not among those who enjoy the luxury of buying pretty and becoming things. The longing in her mother's face touched her strangely and made her reckless.

"Let's go in and try it on, mother. I'm sure you can wear it," she cried impulsively.

"Oh, but we haven't the money—we

couldn't afford it," the older woman began in a hesitating, half-hopeful, half-deprecating tone.

But Helen was already inside the door.

It was the first evening of the spring opening, and the store was crowded. The clerks were busy fitting pretty hats on would-be customers' heads, while prettily gowned women moved about openly admiring, or covertly criticising, as inclination prompted—greeting friends and acquaintances with light chatter and laughter; and through the gentle hum of voices stole the soft strains of the small orchestra hidden in a tiny nook behind a bank of artificial palms.

It was like a glimpse of fairy-land to Helen and her mother. They had been waiting a long time—though it did not seem long to either of them—when a clerk stepped up smilingly to enquire what she could do for them.

The dainty gray hat was tried on and found to be vastly becoming. Mrs. Blakely viewed her reflection from different angles, with frank, childish admiration and an air of eager delight, that was rather pathetic in one of her years.

"It makes me feel like a girl," she said to the smiling clerk, "as though the years had suddenly rolled back leaving me young and pretty again. Oh, dear, I'd love to have it, but I'm afraid—what is the price of it?" she asked with tremulous eagerness.

"Twelve dollars. It is a pattern hat, and—"

"Oh!"

Mrs. Blakely laid it down and began putting on the old black felt, with hands that trembled visibly.

"That is more than you wished to pay?" the girl enquired gently. "I'll speak to Miss Lyttleton; she may let it go for less."

"You may have it for ten and a half," she announced after a whispered consultation with the pleasant-faced lady whom she addressed as Miss Lyttleton. "That is a bargain,—for really there isn't a prettier hat in the store."

"I'd love to have it," Mrs. Blakely said, a peculiar thrill in her voice.

She knew she could not afford to pay even half that price for a hat; yet she stood gazing longingly at it—dallying with the temptation.

Helen's troubled gaze travelled from the hat in her mother's hand to the flushed face above it—then back again to the hat.

"Will you lay it aside?" she said, turning suddenly to the girl. "We haven't the money with us—but I will call for it."

"Very well. I'll mark it 'sold,' and lay it back for you," the girl said kindly.

"But Helen, where in the world will we get the money—ten dollars and a half!" Mrs. Blakely exclaimed as soon as they were outside the door.

"I have five dollars—and it is still three weeks till Easter." "But you were going to get a new dress with that!" Mrs. Blakely expostulated.

"My old, blue serge doesn't look so bad," Helen replied cheerfully.

With characteristic unselfishness she cheerfully gave up the pretty light dress she had been dreaming about for weeks, and began planning how her mother could manage to get a gray poplin to wear with the pretty new hat.

Mrs. Blakely did plain sewing, when she could get it to do, and Helen clerked in a novelty store, receiving the munificent sum of four dollars a week. Between them they managed to eke out a living.

A week from the following Saturday evening Helen was hurrying home from

the store, her week's wages in her pocket, which added to what they had already saved—Mrs. Blakely had had all the sewing she could do lately—made a sufficient amount to pay for the hat and buy the gray poplin, too.

Helen's heart was light; she felt like singing as she hurried along. After supper she and her mother would come back and buy the dress and take the hat home with them. Mrs. Blakely had been to the store two or three times during the last two weeks to make sure that they were holding it for her.

"Good evening, Helen. You look mighty pleased about something."

Helen started. In her pre-ocupation she did not notice the approaching figure.

"Oh, good evening, Aunt Lorian! I didn't notice you," she said pleasantly.

"Humph! Thinking about your finery, I suppose?"

"Not exactly," Helen laughed. "I am not getting anything new for myself."

"I saw you at Miss Lyttleton's one evening, and you seemed very much interested in a certain gray hat," her aunt said meaningly. "Miss Lyttleton told me you had it laid aside."

"The hat is for my mother," Helen returned quietly—for all the annoyance she felt at the meddlesomeness of this rich, selfish, old aunt, who held herself so proudly aloof from her poor relations.

"Humph!" the old lady said again. But Helen did not wait to hear more.

"Excuse me, aunt, mother will be waiting supper for me. I am glad you are well. Good night."

Mrs. Blakely met Helen's light-hearted joyousness with a shame-faced self-consciousness, that caught her daughter's attention at once, causing her to pause while in the act of removing her hat.

"Well, mother," she exclaimed, with a little sinking of the heart, "what form did it take this time—an enlarged picture? a washing machine? or was it a needy, one-armed soldier who—"

"It was a poor woman, Helen, with a little four-year old girl," Mrs. Blakely broke in half deprecating, half defiant. "She was *walking* to Emporia, where she has relations, and she was hungry and without a cent. She looked half starved and—"

"How much did you give her, mother?" Helen asked with a sigh.

"Why, I—I gave her five dollars—just enough to buy her ticket to Emporia. Oh, I know I'm a wretch and oughtn't to have any money! I never *can* save it. But really, Helen—"

"It's all right, mother. Of course the poor woman needed it," Helen said kindly. "But that ends the gray poplin. It would have been so pretty with the gray hat. Heigh ho!"

After supper they counted the money—the savings of two weeks with what Helen brought home with her; they counted it together; and each counted it alone; but, try as they would, they could not make it more than ten dollars and twenty-nine cents—not even enough to pay for the hat!

Mrs. Blakely could not resist an appeal for help. The last time it was a hungry-looking boy who had run away from home and was beating his way back, a wiser and humbler lad; and the time before that it was a one-legged man who supported his motherless family by mending tinware from house to house.

The money they had saved for their Christmas turkey went to a feeble old woman selling pins and needles; and so

it had been as long as Helen could remember.

I cannot but believe that the widow's mite given freely and cheerfully to the needy at her door, outweighs, in the sight of God, the millionaire's munificent donations to public charities, given ostentatiously, often to win recognition and applause, and sometimes to ease a troubled conscience, burdened with the weight of "tainted" gold.

Helen admired her mother's open-handed generosity and wouldn't have her different for the world—but wished vaguely that she would sometimes remember that "charity begins at home."

One morning near the end of the week, Mrs. Blakely came flying into the store where Helen worked—her rusty felt hat tilted rakishly over one ear, her collar pinned awry, and her gloves half on. In her hand was an open letter and her eyes shone with excitement.

"Look at that!" she cried, laying a slip of paper down on the counter

"A check for fifty dollars!"

Helen gasped, turning quite pale. "Why, mother, where did it come from—what does it mean?"

"It came from Emporia, from—"

"Mother!"

"Yes, from that poor woman's father. He wrote a nice letter, begging me to accept the check as a token of his gratitude. He seemed so glad to have his daughter back again—now that her husband is dead. I am glad she will have a good home."

Helen was called away to wait on a customer. When she returned, Mrs. Blakely began smoothing the fingers of her glove nervously—

"Helen, this will pay off the mortgage on poor Mrs. Macy's little home. You know it is to be sold next Saturday unless she can raise fifty dollars to pay that wretched Smith—and she hasn't a cent in the world!"

"Poor thing!" Helen said compassionately, "I saw her this morning; she was nearly frantic; she said they were going to send her to the county-house."

"Well, they just won't!" Mrs. Blakely cried fiercely. "I am going to the bank this minute to get this cashed and—"

"Mother, you are the most unselfish woman in the world!" Helen cried hysterically. "Think of—"

"I can't think of anything just now, but that poor, helpless old creature being turned out of her home to die in the poor-house! Thank God I can prevent it."

"Yes, thank God!" breathed Helen softly, as she watched her mother cross the street toward the bank.

Helen took the hat home with her Saturday evening. Mrs. Blakely was pleased as a child. She surveyed herself admiringly in the little cracked mirror, tilting her head on one side then on the other, to get a better view.

She sighed happily as she put it back in the box, covering it carefully with the tissue paper.

"After all, Helen," she said slowly, "I don't think I'll wear it to church to-morrow. I—I'm afraid it will distract me."

A WORLD HERO—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

BY REV. W. F. ELLIS.

The period of Ireland's history that the above name recalls is a period that lends to the speaker or writer a rare opportunity of showing our motherland in every phase, and of portraying the life of Ireland's greatest hero, the life of one who won the proudest title ever given by a people to their leader, "The Liberator of his Country." The name of the great Irish Tribune is written on every Irish heart. It is known to all men. I have seen the Genoese, as they passed the house where the Irish Liberator's earthly life closed, in reverence raise their hats. Pilgrims from the four quarters of the earth, hailing to Rome, after a visit to the tomb of the apostles direct their steps down the narrow street to the church of St. Agatha, to kneel before the marble slab that hides from their view the heart of Daniel O'Connell.

In 1800 Ireland was again without a parliament—robbed of her freedom. The act of Union was passed, and to this may we attribute all the sufferings and injustice that Ireland has had to endure from that day to this. Ireland had again to begin a war, but her courage was unconquerable. She was now in the most abject position, nearly eight millions of her people crushed to the earth owing to the unjust measures of England, afraid to lift their voice in their own land. At this time a little band of men assembled in Dublin with Grattan at their head, to agitate for Catholic emancipation. Grattan was a non-Catholic, but he, with many others of his creed, was heart and soul in the Irish cause. This assembly had too few members; they were unable to enkindle the spirit of their countrymen, and their efforts would not have availed had not the God of Justice given to Ireland a man who put new life into the hearts of his countrymen, and into the heart of the nation.

There is a proverb that the child is father of the man. Let us then review the childhood of the Irish chief. Daniel O'Connell was born in the year 1775, in a small village in Kerry. His early education was received from one of the old schoolmasters, who under the penal code taught beneath the shade of some hedge or ditch. Later he was sent to a college in England, and from there to France. One of the principals of the college, in a letter to Daniel's father, said: "I have but one sentence to write, I was never so much mistaken in my life

as I shall be if he be not destined to make a remarkable figure in society." I shall close this reference to his school-days, by quoting a passage from a letter written by him to his uncle; "I have, indeed, a glowing, and—if I may use the expression—an enthusiastic ambition which converts every toil into a pleasure, and every study into an amusement. Though nature may have given me subordinate talents, I will never be satisfied with a subordinate situation in my profession."

His profession was the Bar. The penal laws were so far relaxed that a "Papist," as the Government termed a Catholic, could then practise law in Ireland. In 1798 young O'Connell was called to the Bar. From the commencement he was a successful lawyer; in his first case he received from the Bench the encouraging commendation, "You'll do, young gentleman, you'll do."

What carried O'Connell into politics? His sympathetic heart. Listen to his own words. "It was the union," he said, "which stirred me up to come forward in politics. I was maddened when I heard the bells of St. Patrick's Cathedral ringing out a joyful peal for Ireland's degradation—as if it were a glorious national festival. My blood boiled, and I vowed on that morning that the dishonor should not last if I could put an end to it." That vow O'Connell lived up to. He believed that the cornerstone of slavery was the servitude of the soul, and his first battle therefore was for liberty of worship for his fellow countrymen. He cast himself, heart and soul, into the fight. His brilliant mind discerned what he needed,—the support of every man in Ireland; not their physical support—for the Irish were not allowed to bear arms—but their moral support. To this end he sacrificed his lucrative profession and went all through Ireland agitating. He organized the Catholic Association in every town, hamlet, and parish, every member contributing a penny a month towards the general fund. From 1810 O'Connell was known to every peasant in Ireland, and from that year he grew day by day in the confidence of the people.

England was looking on. She saw the power of O'Connell grow, and realized that the day would come when eight million followers would hang upon his word. She tried every measure to entrap him, but his genius was above her; his eloquence she could not withstand. What a change O'Connell wrought! He put a new spirit into his countrymen, and preached to them the gospel of Ireland's nationality. He made them all soldiers in the great war, and the Catholic Association grew, with O'Connell at its head, until in 1823 he could truly say that he was the leader of his people—eight millions waiting for his voice—ready to obey his word.

England recognized this power, and in 1828 Wellington, after estimating O'Connell's strength, said to the worthless king: "If you will not emancipate the Catholics without any condition, and give them freedom, you will have a revolution on your hands. In other words O gracious King, hear the voice of O'Connell."

Naturally there was a sentiment among the Irish against Wellington. They said: "We will not have one represent us in the parliament who holds office under him." This left a vacancy for Clare. The Irish had to select a member. They never dreamed of a Catholic. No Catholic could enter parliament because of the oath that a Catholic could not take.

Notwithstanding this barrier O'Connell came forward and announced himself a candidate, saying that if he was elected he would sit in parliament,—a Catholic member for Clare. All the powers of corruption were moved to defeat him, but he was elected by a sweeping majority.

As he entered the House of Commons to take his seat he was handed the book in which was written the oath he was to swear to. The oath runs thus: "I, do solemnly and sincerely in the presence of God profess, testify and declare that I do believe that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any transubstantiation of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ, or after the consecration thereof by any person whatsoever, and that the invocation or adoration of the Virgin Mary or any other saint and the sacrifice of the Mass, as they are now used in the Church of Rome, are superstitious and idolatrous." This was the oath to be administered to members representing Catholic Ireland. O'Connell, loyal son of the Church, read a line or two, and asked: "Is it this I am to swear to? That the sacrifice of the Mass, the veneration of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the invocation of the Saints, is idolatry?" He cast the book from him and his thundering voice rang out: "In the name of two hundred millions of men, in the name of eight millions of the Irish race, in the name of antiquity, in the name of history, in the name of the God of Heaven, the God of Truth, I reject that oath, for it is a damnable falsehood."

He left the House; but he was soon to return again, for Catholic Emancipation was near at hand. Wellington urged the King to sign the bill of Emancipation thrice brought before the House and thrice rejected. He said: "You must do it, O'Connell represents eight million people, he demands it, you must do it," and the bill of Emancipation was signed on April 13, 1829—a happy day for Ireland.

Can the mind comprehend a greater work, the work of one man—seven million people free to love and serve God to the end of time. Not seven millions only, but a hundred millions, for the Catholic Emancipation act affected not only Ireland, but England, Scotland and the numerous islands under the flag of England. O'Connell is not only the man of one nation, he is the man of Christendom,—as we read in an address presented to him and read by Count De Montalembert on O'Connell's last visit to Paris. "We are come to salute in you the Liberator of Ireland—of that nation which always excited in France fraternal feelings. But you are not only the man of one nation, you are the man of all Christendom. Your glory is not Irish, it is universal. Wherever Catholics begin anew to practise civic virtues, and to devote themselves to the conquest of their legislative rights, under God it is your work. Wherever religion tends to emancipate itself from the thraldom in which several generations of sophists and lawyers have placed it, to you after God, it is indebted."

O'Connell's work was not over. He had now to agitate a repeal of the union. His voice filled the land demanding equality of rights between Ireland and England. Twenty-nine years before, when the act of Union was passed, he had vowed that the dishonor should not last, if he could put an end to it. He now threw himself heart and soul into the removing of that dishonor. He again travelled all through the land,—not now in the cause of her religion, but

in the cause of nationality. With thousands of Ireland's manhood around him at Mallow, at Mallaghmast, or on the famed hill of Tara, he promulgated his plan of action, while educating his fellow countrymen and encouraging his down-

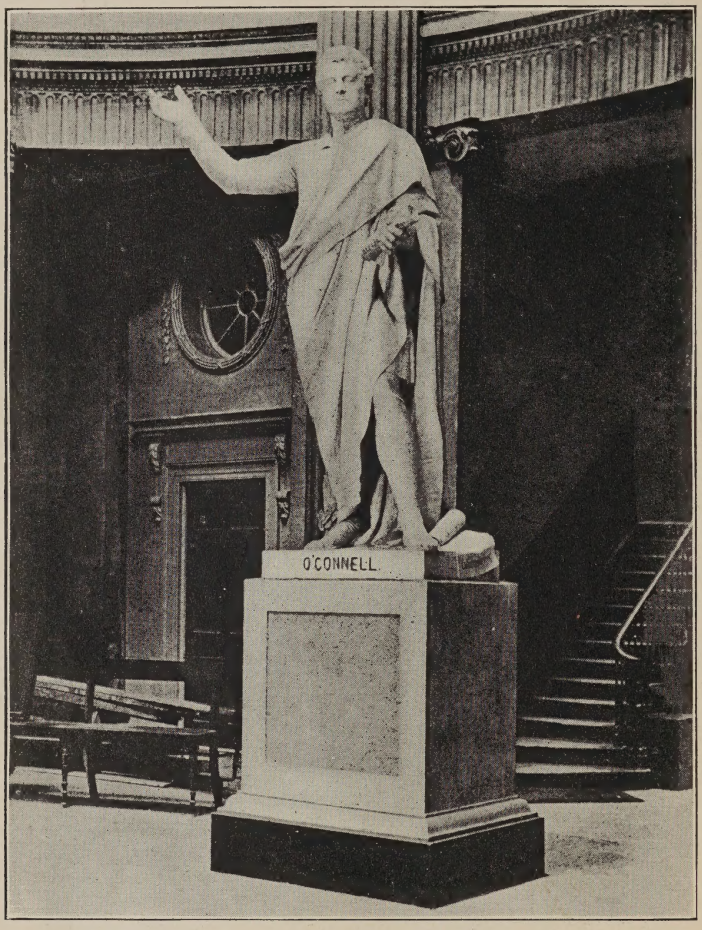
DANIEL O'CONNELL.

trodden brothers to fight for that God-given gift—liberty. O'Connell had the people again united in this great cause, and England feared. We know what a few Irish did at Fontenoy and at Cremona; what then might half a million of the bone and sinew of Ireland accomplish if O'Connell would give the word to strike? Grattan said long ago: "If ever you Catholics of Ireland rise up in your united strength you will get the repeal of the union or anything else England may have it in her power to bestow upon you." O'Connell did not give the word, his people were unarmed. Yet England feared. She poured her forces into Ireland. The repeal meetings were proclaimed. O'Connell was seized upon,

and cast into prison. And here the death knell of the repeal rang out. O'Connell was removed from the people. A new spirit, a new element sprang up, and Ireland was divided between the old and new Irelanders.

overwhelmed with sorrow, but yet another sword was to pierce it.

In '46 and '47 the cry was heard "A famine is upon the land." They were terrible years. More than one million and a half died of starvation, more than



Photograph by J. S. Hyland & Company.

STATUE OF O'CONNELL, CITY HALL, DUBLIN.
Erected where he delivered his first speech against Union.

When O'Connell was released, after some six months, his health was greatly impaired, a deadly disease had made its appearance, and was soon to claim its victim. He repaired to his old home in Kerry to seek rest. His heart was

two millions were homeless, cast on the highways by English landlords. Campbell describes the state of the Irish then:

Sad is my fate, said the heart-broken stranger,
The wild deer and wolf to cover can flee,
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a Country remain not to me.

Lord John Russell declared: "We have made Ireland, I speak it deliberately, the most miserable country in the world." And Mr. Bingham said: "We are driving six million people to despair and madness. . . . The people of England have most culpably connived at a national iniquity."

O'Connell was failing fast, the deadly malady was creeping upon him. Still he could not look on and see his country suffer without stretching forth his hand. Disregarding all medical advice he determined to go before the House of Commons "to appeal for bread for his starving people." "Ireland is in your hands," he said in his last speech. "She is in your power. If you do not save her she can not save herself, and I solemnly call upon you to recollect that I predict with the sincerest conviction that one fourth of her population will perish unless you come to her relief."

Worn out with grief for the woes of his country the Liberator could offer little resistance to the ravages of disease, though yielding to the persuasion of his friends he consented to go abroad in a vain quest for health. It was his great desire to visit Rome, but he never reached his destination. He died at Genoa on May 15, 1847. His last testament sums up his life: "My body to Ireland, my heart to Rome, my soul to Heaven."

Photograph by J. S. Hyland & Company.

O'CONNELL MONUMENT, DUBLIN.

O'Connell as he appeared when addressing his people at monster meetings.

CHRIST HEALING THE SICK

SQUARE OF THE CAPITOL, WITH STATUE OF MARCUS AURELIUS IN THE CENTRE.

IN THE CITY OF ROME.

BY E. C. HOWE.

Nature having been so lavish in Italy in the beauty of the scenery and of the people it would seem that the possession of beauty in art is superfluous. But to him that hath shall be given. Rome herself has never produced any painter or sculptor of great importance. Michael Angelo, whose works are Rome's most precious possession, was not born in that city, though most of his life was spent there. Neither was Titian; nor yet Raphael. There is not, strictly speaking, any Roman school of art. Long before the Christian era there were brought to Rome, as spoils of war, entrancingly beautiful pictures and statues of Greek origin, awakening in the Italians a love of art, but up to the sixteenth century they were all imitators of the ancient Greeks.

The more modern Greeks themselves did not appreciate their antique art treasures as the Italians did. They never searched for them nor valued them when found. At the present day we can hardly imagine the wealth of sculpture in Rome at the time of the Caesars. So numerous were the statues that they were used as munitions of war. When the castle of San Angelo was attacked the garrison defended itself by throwing down statues on the heads of its assailants.

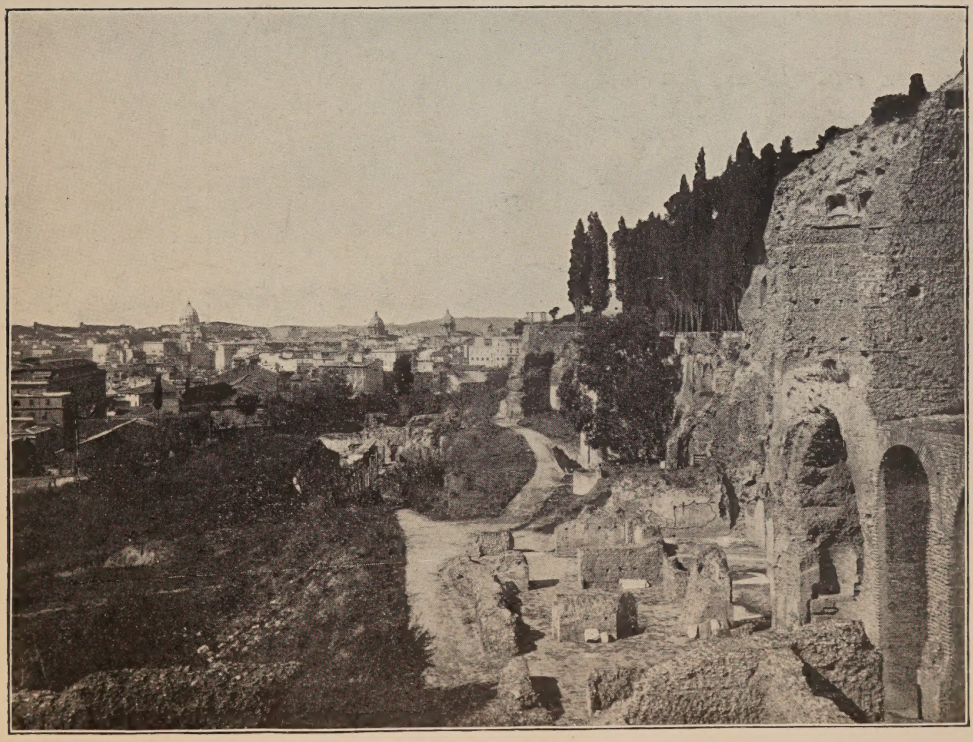
Everywhere in Rome we find Christian and pagan symbols and memorials jostling each other; every temple dedicated to a pagan divinity had a Christian temple built over it. St. Peter's is built over the circus of Nero where it is supposed the saint suffered martyrdom.

Michael Angelo's *"Pieta"* is considered to be St. Peter's finest work of art, the purest and best of all of his statues. The figure of the Mother holding the dead Christ on her knees expresses the epitome of suffering and renunciation. It is said that the artistic value of St. Peter's is not in its monuments nor in its decorations but in the harmony and symmetry of its proportions, especially in its wonderful dome.

Passing over the glories of St. Peter's, we may note incidentally a few of the treasures of the Vatican, a veritable storehouse of art. Its priceless treasures of antique sculpture have already been described in this Magazine. The Sistine Chapel is one of the richest gems of the Vatican. It is reached by the Scala Regia —a magnificent flight of steps—and every inch of the chapel is decorated, the marble screens with exquisite carvings and the walls adorned by some of the most interesting frescoes of the sixteenth century. In the rest of the decorations, Michael Angelo reached the culmination of his genius, combining in his work painting, sculpture and architecture. The vaulted ceiling of the chapel is divided into nine sections in which are depicted the Creation, and some of the early stories of the Old Testament. The leading characteristics of Michael Angelo's genius are sublimity, power and grandeur, and yet this immense work was done in great haste and under high pressure, the artist toiling even at night, with a little lamp fastened in the front of his cap, to throw light on his work. Almost thirty years

PINCIAN GARDENS, WITH ST. PETER'S IN THE DISTANCE.

FOUNTAIN OF TREVI.

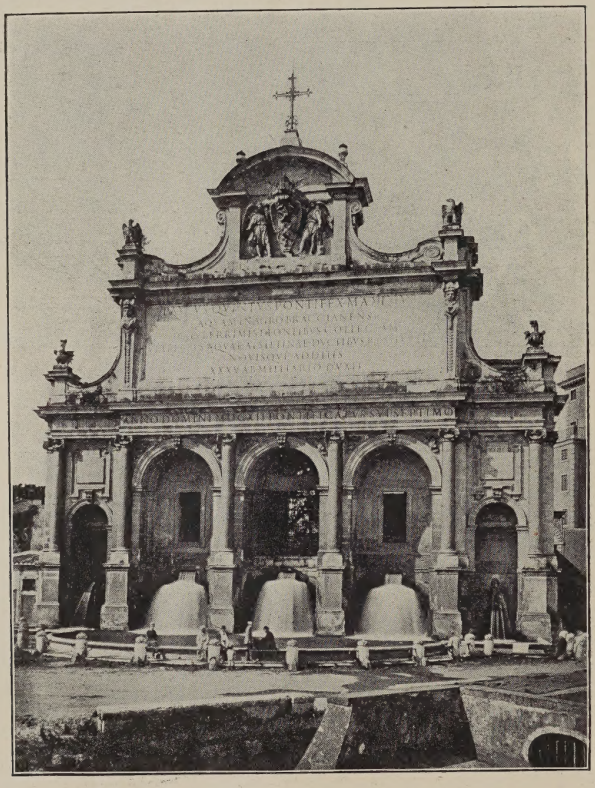


PALATINE HILL, PALACES OF THE CAESARS.

after the ceiling was completed the master painted on the wall above the altar the immense picture of the Last Judgment. The only other work of his in Rome of much importance is the statue of Moses in the church of San Pietro in Vinculo.

To turn from Michael Angelo to Raphael is like turning from the stern grandeur of Mont Blanc to a sunny Italian landscape. Michael Angelo felt all the woe and tragedy of life, Raphael only its joy. In the Vatican is the chief work of the latter, a series of frescoes designed by him, but executed mostly by his pupils under his direction. His subjects are much the same as Michael Angelo's but developed in a widely different spirit. The loggia is often called Raphael's Bible.

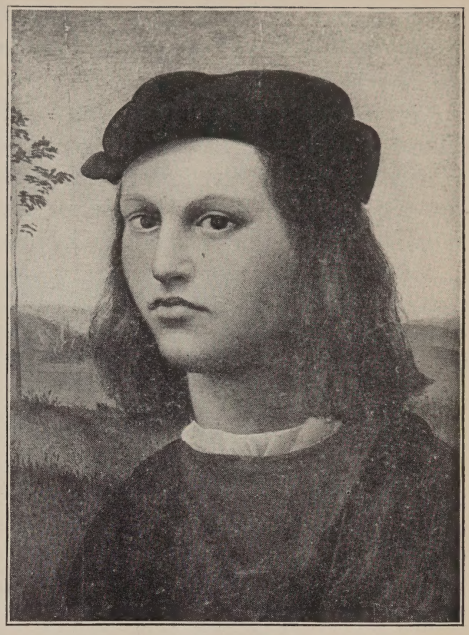
In the Stanze, a suite of rooms, are decorations illustrating both Christian and pagan history, and in the first and second room are the paintings done by Raphael's own hand. His tapestries are kept in another part of the Vatican. They were exquisitely wrought in wool, silk and gold, in Flanders. The only one of Raphael's madonnas in Rome, of any importance, is the Madonna di Foligno in the Vatican, but his greatest picture in the Vatican is the Transfiguration — by some considered the finest picture in the world, and by others severely criticized.



FOUNTAIN ACQUA PAOLA.

It would be impossible to dwell on the collection in the libraryof the Vatican. Here are rich and rare objects sent by crowned heads and here are also 26,000 Oriental, Greek and Latin manuscripts. In the mosaic studios, open to visitors, may be seen the source of the famous Roman mosaic, in the manufacture of which ten thousand different shades of glass are used.

Next to the Vatican in artistic importance is the Capitol. The hill on which it stands, though the smallest of the seven hills of Rome, is one of the most interesting historically. On its highest peak, where stood the temple of Jupiter, the Christians built the church Ara Coeli, and in this church are many very old frescoes, but its most cherished treasure is the Bambino, a wooden image of the Holy Child.



PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL, BY HIMSELF.

"ANGEL GABRIEL," BY GUERCINO.

The Capitoline Museum holds a rare collection; and the palaces and villas of Rome are filled with beautiful frescoes and mural decorations; and the churches are veritable treasure houses of art. Each one of the four hundred has in it something to interest or to excite admiration. In the church of the Capucini is the well known St. Michael Slaying the Dragon, by Guido Reni, described in Hawthorne's "Marble Faun." In St. John Lateran are some beautiful mosaics, birds and flowers on a golden background. The walls of some of the chapels are richly inlaid with precious stones. In the cloister are beautiful twisted columns of white marble inlaid with gold and colored stones. This is

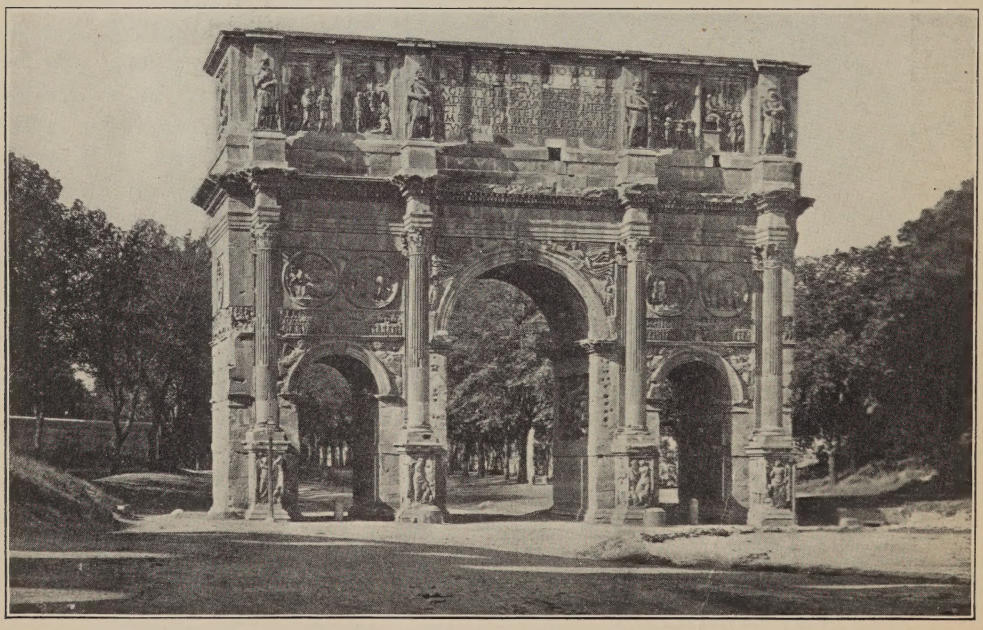
called cosmato work. Outside the church is the most ancient object in Rome, the largest obelisk in the world.

San Paolo, outside the walls, has some fine ancient frescoes; and arranged as a frieze around the immense interior are mosaic medallions—forty-five feet in diameter—the portraits of two hundred and fifty popes, mostly imaginary likenesses. One, always pointed out to visitors, has large diamonds for eyes. The old bronze doors kept in a cabinet are richly decorated in relief inlaid in silver.

The church of St. Augustine contains Faborino's madonna of black marble, thickly encrusted with precious stones—votive offerings. Maderno's lovely monument to St. Cecilia is in the church dedicated to her. It is a recumbent figure in purest white marble.

The Santa Maria in Trastavere is a remarkable ceiling painting on copper by Domenichino.

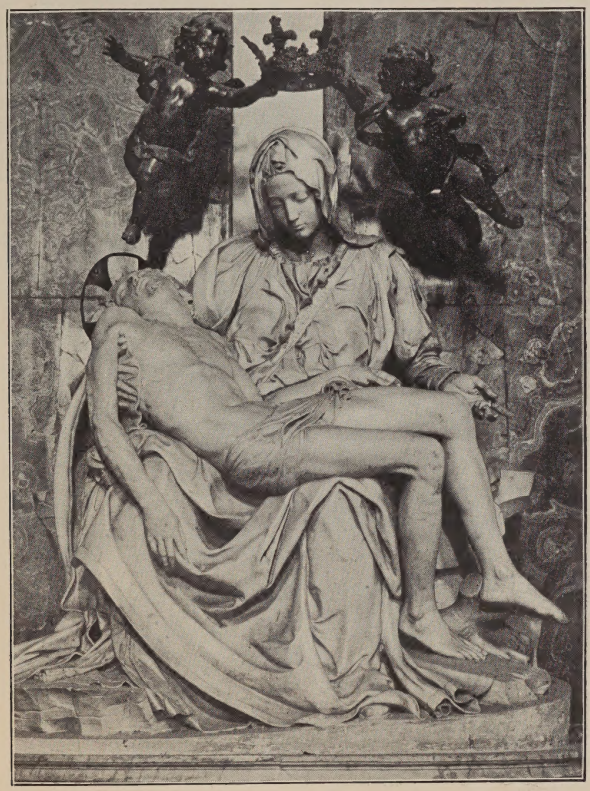
CHURCH OF ARA COELI, ALTAR OF HEAVEN.
Built over Ruins of Temple of Jupiter.



TRIUMPHAL ARCH OF CONSTANTINE.

The church of the Jesuits, the Gesu, is the most gorgeously decorated of the churches in Rome. There are five ceiling paintings; some of the columns are of lapis lazuli and gilded bronze; and behind the altar of St. Ignatius is a globe of lapis lazuli, the largest single piece of that stone in existence. This church is a perfect example of the Baroque style of decoration, too gorgeous and too overloaded with ornament to be either restful or reverence-inspiring. St. Stefano has a series of frescoes depicting every form of torture and martyrdom.

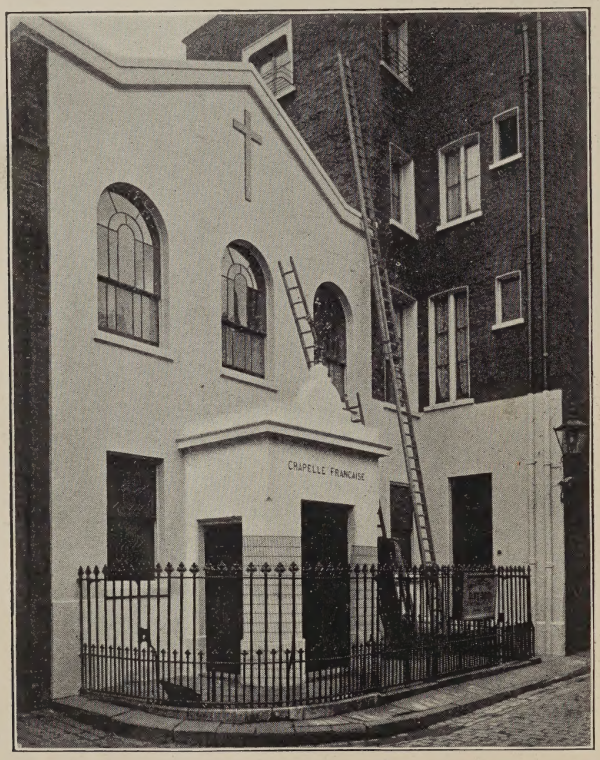
A description of the many fountains, the fine flights of steps designed by Michael Angelo and other famous architects, the arches, and columns, and other features of architecture in Rome, would fill a folio volume. But more restful and satisfying than all these treasures of art is Nature in Rome. The beautiful views from every hill and balcony, its street scenes, and above all its gardens with their wonderful trees, their mossy walls where the jewelled lizards dart in and out, their antique statues—often vine-draped—their fountains, their cascades of roses, their terraces from which one gets such entrancing views! And all overarched by the bluest of skies. The Propaganda students in their gowns of varied colors—the Germans in scar-



"PIETA," BY MICHAEL ANGELO.
In St. Peter's.

let, others in violet, or blue, or black, faced with bright colors—afford picturesque variety in contrast with the green of the trees and shrubs; while frequent glimpses of the scarlet royal liveries flashing in and out among the trees add life and interest to the scene.

Happy they who can stay long enough in Rome to enjoy this out-of-door life at their leisure, after the avid appetite of the newcomer for the *wonders* of the Eternal City is somewhat satiated, and he or she can settle down to restful enjoyment of the city's natural beauties—surely as artistic and more soul-satisfying than the contents of any of its galleries or museums.



THE FRENCH CHAPEL, LONDON.

AN HISTORIC CORNER IN LONDON.

BY HERBERT SPRING.

Within a few minutes walk of the Marble Arch which forms the northern limit of Hyde Park is Great George Street, Portman Square. Out of it—quite close to Gloucester Place which bisects it,—is an archway leading into a small Mews bearing the title of "Little George Street." Few passing would

be likely to notice the place. The unenquiring might live near and never know of it, and yet no traveller—at least no traveller with a love for the past—should fail to visit the spot. Glancing down, at first sight there is little to see—just half a dozen stable doors, with perhaps a dusty motor car in process of being cleansed. At least that is all that the casual observer would note, but if the reader will enter with us under the arch he will find himself standing in front of one of the most historic Catholic chapels in all London. To look at it, no one would be likely at first sight to take it for anything more important than a warehouse.

And in so doing it may be said the original object of the builders would have been achieved! True, when the first stone was laid, the terrible storm of persecution was past. The rack and the block, under which England had so long kept her Catholic subjects groaning, belonged in a measure to ancient history, though it must not be forgotten that the *first* Catholic Relief Bill had only been passed some twenty years previously, and that Emancipation was yet a long way off. There was still stern need when erecting a Catholic chapel—Mass Houses as they were elegantly styled by the public of those times—to make the building as little conspicuous as possible. Less than twenty years before the chapels of the Sardinian, Bavarian, and other embassies had been sacked and burnt by the mob under that ardent champion of Protestantism, the semi-idiotic Lord George Gordon, and the private property of Catholics flung into those flames with which the rioters sought to wrap the great city.

The horrors of the "No Popery" riots were not soon forgotten. The doors of Newgate had been set wide and the felons released before the place was fired. And as with Newgate so with Bridewell, the Fleet, and other prisons. On the last night six and thirty great fires raged at once while the gutters ran with flaming liquors, around which, as Dickens in his famous and accurate account has told us, "men and women—ay! mothers with babies at their breasts, lay and drank until they died," while from burning wine cellars others were drawn all alight from head to foot and "making for anything that had the look of water, rolled hissing in this hideous lake, and splashed up liquid fire which lapped in all it met with, as it ran along the surface, and neither spared the living nor the dead. On the last night of the great riots, the wretched victims of a senseless outcry became themselves the dust and ashes of the flames they had kindled, and strewed the public streets of London."

It is small wonder, then, that, those memories still in their minds, the great object of Catholics was to make their chapels look as unlike ecclesiastical edifices as possible. The descendants of those who had erected Durham and York, Winchester and Salisbury, Hereford and Westminster, for the services of the Catholic Church, had not only the mortification of seeing those splendid piles in the hands of people who knew not how to use them, but were themselves driven into buildings which it was necessary should be taken for anything rather than what they really were, in order to prevent their being burnt down. Under the humble roofs of the wretched chapels of those days the sons of the Crusaders heard the Mass, which the people of England had cast out from their cathedrals and churches

as an unclean sacrifice. The French Catholics who had taken refuge in England had less to fear than the British born ones since the misfortunes which had driven them from their native land had appealed powerfully to the latter and they had been welcomed everywhere with cordiality, while privileges were granted to them to which their co-religionists in this country were still strangers.

But to return. In the left corner of the Mews in which we are standing is a plain stucco building ornamented with a flat cross. Below are situated three common-looking windows,—bespeaking the very worst period of architecture this country has ever known—and a small porch with the date 1799 and the words "Chapelle Française." To those seeking noble places of worship it will be obvious at once that there is little likely to attract in this out-of-the-way corner. To such the beautiful Gothic church of the Jesuit Fathers in Mayfair, the noble Italian structure erected by the Oratorians at Brompton, the dome of which is one of the most graceful pieces of work in the whole of London, or the spacious cathedral at Westminster, though hardly more than a shell as yet, will provide all that is needful. But for those who look back—whose delight is in the past—it will be difficult to find a place more filled with memories than the small French Chapel situated in the neighbourhood of the spacious squares of Tiburnia. Within, architectural beauties there are none.

The building is some ninety feet in length, including the sanctuary, and originally was about forty feet wide, but some years later an additional aisle was added on the right. This, while it gave the much needed room for the congregation, and allowed also of a Lady altar, has given the place a somewhat one-sided appearance. Against the south wall is the lofty pulpit covered with a sounding board surmounted by the fleurs de lys. The times were evil to the great house of Bourbon when those emblems were first erected. The older branch of the family ceased to exist with Henry V,* and the prospects of the present line look even less hopeful than did those of the family in 1799. Political emblems under such circumstances have more of pathos about them than anything else, nevertheless, the gilded fleurs de lys have not been looked on by some French worshippers with too much enthusiasm. Probably they forgot that in ecclesiastical art the symbol is that of the Blessed Mother herself.

Before the fall of the Monarchy the place was styled the *Chapelle Royale* and for long afterwards it was the Chapel of the Embassy. In the last few years, however, France has travelled a long way on the road to pure atheism, and it follows, therefore, that no *official* connection exists now between the State and the chapel in Little George Street, so bound around with memories of the France whose proudest title once was that of "Eldest Daughter of the Church."

The black sounding board, surmounted with the golden lilies, still hangs in its place. It would take far too great space to enumerate the names of the illustrious preachers whose voices it has echoed back. Beneath it, as Monsignor Toursel, the present revered incumbent, has told us in his charming little pamphlet relating to the chapel, was pronounced the funeral oration of the unfortunate Duc d'Enghien by the Abbé du Châte-

* The late Comte de Chambord, always so styled by the Legitimist party.

lier, afterwards Bishop of Evreux. M. de Latil, who rose to be the Archbishop of Reims, and as such anointed Charles X. King of France, was another occupant of this pulpit during the time that he held the Missions. There is another name which must be associated with it—the most distinguished of all—namely the great de Ravignon himself! True, he could not have done more than address his fellow countrymen, since his famous sermons attracted enormous congregations and were given chiefly at the church in Farm Street or at the Hanover Square rooms. His name, too, belongs to modern times, one may almost say, since his celebrated visit to England took place when the late Lord Granville, three times Foreign Secretary, was in the midst of his political career. The then Lady Granville—a daughter of the Duc de Dalberg—was a devout Catholic, and Père de Ravignon was a guest at the house in Bruton Street, while Lord Granville, fastidious beyond measure, has paid a high compliment to the charm of manner which belonged to the saintly Jesuit.

But it is with earlier memories than those which belong to the "fifties" that we are concerned. The story of the Terror was fresh in the minds of those who gathered round that altar—which still exists—when the first Mass was celebrated in the French Chapel at George Street in 1799. To the Abbé Bourret belongs the honor of establishing this mission for the benefit of his exiled countrymen. How far back it all is will be realized at once when we add that Dr. Douglas was still Bishop of the London district at this time, whose very resting place is today uncertain, though, as Monsignor Ward has pointed out in his work on the London Catholic Missions, he probably lies in the old St. Pancras cemetery.

Here from his humble lodging in Welbeck Street came "Monsieur," afterwards Charles X. and known in English society of that period as the Comte d'Artois, as well as his elder brother, the Comte de Provence, who was afterwards to ascend the throne of his ancestors as Louis XVIII. It is to be feared that the latter's attendance at Mass was not caused by any much stronger feeling than that such an act was requisite for the future position which, even in the darkest hours of exile, he ever hoped to fill. The not too devout son of *Egalité* was sometimes to be seen, too, in the humble place of worship. "De Mortuis" is a good proverb, but somewhat difficult to put in practise in matters of history! If he encountered his relatives he probably bore himself as calmly as we know he did when some years later he took part in the transfer of the body of the King for whose death his own father had voted. The writer of "Filia Dolorosa" has given a striking and bitterly worded picture of the memorable scene at St. Denis. "Opposite 'Monsieur'", she writes, "was seated in calm composure the man whose father had helped to dethrone and murder 'Monsieur's' brother, whose office it subsequently was to dethrone and banish 'Monsieur' himself, and whose destiny it was to fall from the greatness and endure the banishment which had been the lot of those against whom his life was a long conspiracy." It is reversing the usual order of things to make the child responsible for the sins of his parent, and we cannot say whether or not the afterwards King of the French kept himself in the background at the little Chapel in the early years following the execution

of Louis XVI. Certainly at one time there was a frequent worshipper there who, as a man, however much he may have condemned the line taken by his father he must have shrunk from meeting namely the Orphan of the Temple. That she who had once borne the proud title of Madame Royale in after-life received and, for a time, trusted him, we all know. His solemn proclamation, issued after the escape of Napoleon from Elba, in which he declared his resolution ever to adhere to the principle of legitimacy, and setting out his own disinclination to hold royal authority, was sufficient to satisfy her. But enough of the subject. To rake up the controversy of the past is unnecessary; besides there may have been—there doubtless were—some excuses for the part Louis Philippe played. In any event it is well to remember that he died in the sadness of exile and has long passed from earthly judgments to the Tribunal from Whose decisions there is no appeal. But of all who have ever knelt in prayer in the sanctuary of Little George Street none equals in interest the illustrious lady of whom we have spoken—the afflicted daughter of Marie Antoinette.

The Duchesse d'Angoulême was not in England when the Chapel was opened. That event took place in the year of her marriage, which was celebrated at Mittav. The Abbé Edgeworth de Firmont, who had attended her father to the scaffold and to whom the words *"Fils de Saint Louis, montez au ciel"* have been attributed, was present on that occasion. From first to last hers was a life of suffering, ay, and suffering borne in sublime resignation. In the opening days of the Revolution she had taken part in the terrible journey from Versailles—the attempted escape and capture at Varennes, and above all, she had known the prison of the Temple! Within those grim walls her father, mother, and aunt had been torn from her arms to be carried to execution, there her boy-brother had died a martyr to the accident of royal birth, from those gates she alone of all that group had survived to pass from the dangers of death to a life of sorrow. The sojourn at the Austrian court which followed had been far from happy, while from the cold shelter of exile in Russia she and her family had been driven forth by an unstable Czar at the demand of Bonaparte. The quiet shelter at Hartwell Hall near Aylesbury, must have been a period of relief to her. Money, it is true, was not bountiful, but that was of small moment to one of her temperament, except that it bounded her charities which were always extraordinarily large. It was from Hartwell that she used to come to London.

In the pages of *Filia Dolorosa* there is a striking picture of the spot of which we are treating, and which in its surroundings differs hardly at all from that of today. "Occasional visits," writes Mrs. Romer, "were made to the Capital, not for pleasure's sake, but as pious pilgrimages to the humble little chapel near Portman Square, which was founded by the poor French exiles of the early part of the Revolution. Here, amid the noises incident to stables, (such being its vicinity), the crowing of cocks and other sounds bespeaking a humble locality in the narrowest and meanest of temples and beneath the lowliest of roofs, fifteen of the hierarchy of the Gallican Church have been seated at one time, arrayed in all the gorgeousness belonging to the distinction of their rank, while before them kings and the sons and daugh-

ters of kings have been seen meekly kneeling and praying, not for restored greatness but for renewed minds—not for rescue from straitened conditions, but for pardon for errors committed in it, and for strength to bear it more in accordance with their Christian profession. France was the object of their united prayers, and she was prayed for with hope."

It is impossible to stand in front of the little sanctuary in the chapel of which we write without the memory of this, the most interesting of all the worshippers, rising at once to our minds. For all time this august daughter of kings stands an example of heroic courage, of sublime resignation, of Christian charity. It was Napoleon himself who styled her the man of her family.

If space allowed, how much, too, might be said of those who had followed the House of France into exile, and continued in attendance as holders of high-sounding offices which belonged in truth more to shadow-land than reality. It must have been a joyous day to the de Grammonts, the de Blacas, the La Ferronnays, etc., when at length the long expected summons to return came, and Englishmen and women sported the white cockade, while from Aylesbury to Dover, as the royal exiles passed, from the church steeples waved the white flag powdered with the golden lilies of France. All through the days of exile names which figure largely in history are associated with this chapel in the Mews out of Great George Street. Just 'round the corner, at 36 Manchester Street, lived in the early days of his happy married life, Monsieur de la Ferronnays, afterwards Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to Charles X., and whose name is so conspicuous in the Greville and other political memoirs of those times. The red brick Georgian house looks just the same today as it did then. In the unpretending font under the low, heavy gallery which is situated at the east end of the church—the high altar is at the west!—was baptized his daughter, Pauline de la Ferronnays, who was afterwards to be so well known in the world as the wife of Augustus Craven and the author of the matchless "*Recit d'une Soeur.*"

Madame de Montagu, whose "Souvenirs" everyone has read, had left England before the chapel was erected. What a consolation to that faithful soul would the little building not have been! As it was, she resided at Richmond where the occasions for hearing Mass in those days must have been scarce indeed, and one cannot but regret that she was never privileged to kneel at those altar rails to receive the Bread of Life, without which her soul languished.

The ancient line of the House of France is extinct, and the younger branch have succeeded to their claims, but with politics we have no concern. They are, however, just as closely associated with Little George Street, so that we cannot close this account without reference to the Orleans family. It was under the humble roof of this little chapel that the late Comte de Paris, whose name is naturally so well-known in America, received his first Communion at the hands of Cardinal Wiseman in 1850. There also, the following year, the Duc de Chartres had the like happiness, while on the same day his elder brother received the sacrament of Confirmation. Thirty-five years later the writer of this paper was present when H. R. H. the Princesse Hélène d'Orleans, sister to the present afflicted Queen of Portugal, knelt where her father had

knelt before her for the rite of Confirmation. A more touching and beautiful spectacle than that of the lovely young princess, clad entirely in white, kneeling in the sanctuary before the picturesque figure of the late Cardinal Manning, it would be difficult to imagine, while grouped around her were the various members of the House of France. In his brief account of that scene in his pamphlet entitled "Le Centenaire de la Chapelle Française" the present incumbent quoted the words of his late Eminence in his address "*Sous ce toit humble, mais cher et vénéré vous aurez reçu la croix du Baptème et la croix de la Confirmation, deux brilliants joyaux de la Couronne de la Vie.*"

It is impossible to close this account without a reference to the name of Toursel, so closely associated with the French Chapel for very nearly seventy years. The Abbé Joseph Toursel was appointed to the rectorship in 1840, and labored there for the rest of his life. He was succeeded by his nephew, Mgr. Toursel, the present priest. To praise him would be to displease him, but this much at least may be said, that of all the long line of those who have served the French Chapel since it was first opened by the Abbé Bourret in 1799, none has been more loved and reverenced than Mgr. Toursel. That he may be long spared to offer the Holy Sacrifice at the altar he loves so well will be the prayer of every pilgrim to this historic chapel, who has ever had the happiness of assisting at his Mass. To every American Catholic who visits London we recommend a visit to the Church of St. Louis de France. And if before leaving this spot, so filled with pathetic memories, he should place an alms in the box for the support of this poor French mission, struggling so heroically with countless difficulties in its important work, he will have accomplished a deed which cannot fail to bring a blessing both here and for all time.

TO SAINT DOMINIC.

BY AMADEUS, O. S. F.

O, dearest Saint, may I not call thee "Father?"
May I, though of the brown-robed throng, be thine?
For, next to humble Francis, I would rather
Give thee, with all its strength, this life of mine!
I love thy white-clad sons, whose work, far-reaching,
To countless thousands brings soul-saving aid,
I love thy daughters, too, whose faithful teaching,
Through centuries thy impress has displayed!

One spark of that grand spirit which inflamed thee
To labor for thy God with love and zeal,
Put thou into my heart, for I have named thee
With Francis as my patron; my appeal
Deny not, for, with tenderest emotion,
I ask of thee the gracious boon to bear
A heart that yields to none in its devotion,—
Franciscan and Dominican — for e'er!

THE VOICE OF ERIN.

(Air—"The Irish Maiden's Lament")

BY ETHNA CARBERY.

My hour hath come!
And o'er the foam,
I call my wild geese back to me—
My exiled sons,
My fervent ones,
With hope and health and loyalty.
From Connaught hills,
And Munster rills,
And Leinster plains they're trooping forth,
And, dusky-browed,
Erect, uncowed,
Sweep down the Warders of the North!

Around my bed
The martyred dead
Lie peaceful under shamrocks deep;
And hushed to rest
Upon this breast,
My lullaby hath soothed their sleep.
Oh, heart's desire!
The golden wire
Of my sad harp is tuned to song;
The night hath passed,
And God at last
Hath crowned with Hope my vigil long!

Awake, arise!
'Neath dawning skies
The Sunburst waves its folds again,
And through the land
On every hand
Is heard the tramp of marching men.
O, brothers wake!
Your fetters break!
Too long you've bent the servile knee!
From coast to coast,
In gathering host,
Swells Ireland's call to liberty!

THE CRUCIFIXION.

BY THOMAS WALSH.

The dawn at last broke ominous and red
Upon the mountains of Jerusalem,
And on their peaks afar. Impending gloom
Of wild, unearthly aspect and dull hue,
Lay banked in cloudy ridges in the west,
Portending evil, or thus shadowing forth
The dark events and tragedy at hand.

Thus morning broke, the morning of the day
That witnessed scenes the most appalling e'er
Recorded in the annals of the world.
The day soon followed and, anon, beheld
A tragedy so awful that it shook
The mountains to their center, and eclipsed
The shining sun with darkness and a pall
Of rolling vapors dreadful to behold.
It overspread Jerusalem with clouds
Of angry shape most terrible, that flamed
In smoking lightnings, bursting far and nigh,
In deep successive roars, and deaf'ning peals
Of thunders blown to fragments in the skies.

On this same hour of death the day beheld
The veil within the temple rent in twain,
And heard, amid strange sounds and signs in heaven,
Convulsive earthquakes groaning in the land,
The while rocks split, and stars were seen to fall,
And graveyards opened, and the sheeted dead
Came forth in darkness from their gaping tombs,
Thence through the lurid twilight walked away
Across the fields adjacent, and along
The streets and highways of Jerusalem.

It saw the living fainting at their doors,
O'ercome with horror at the near approach
Of the dead passing by. It saw the dead
Return again into their closing tombs,
And disappear within them. Then from far
The night descending buried Calvary,
And all the land about Jerusalem,
In deep'ning gloom and silence most profound.

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM.

MOTHER.

BY PATRICK J. LYDON.

When night shuts out the things of sight
And soft sleep comes to tired eyes
I see thy smile, thine eye so bright;
Thy loved hand on my pillow lies,
And all is peace.

Oh! how my waking eyes repine
To see thee in the old sweet way,
Oh! how my waking ears incline
To catch thy words that will not stay,
Yet bring me peace.

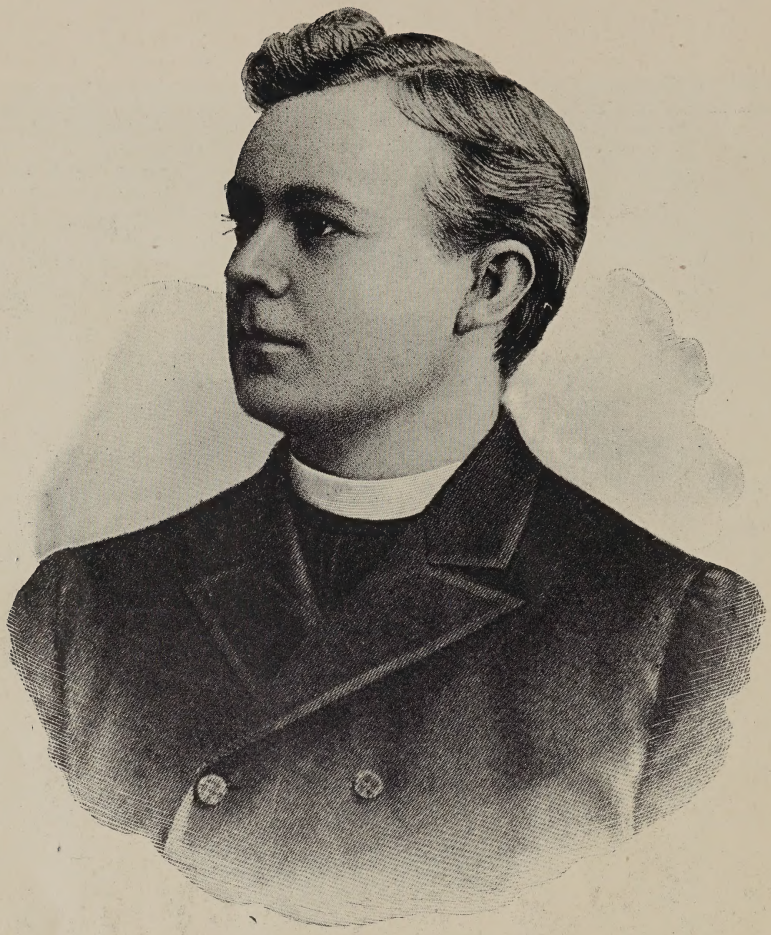
THE MAJESTY OF THE SEA.

FOLLOWERS OF THE SEA.

THE BREAKERS.

MIDNIGHT AT SEA.

COWPER AND HIS HARES.



RT. REV. P. J. MULDOON, D.D.

PEOPLE IN PRINT.

The prayer offered up by the Rt. Rev. P. J. Muldoon, D.D. at the opening of the Republican National Convention must have impressed the vast assembly with the part the Church has in bringing about "the greater peace, security, and happiness of the whole people." The words of the prayer are as follows:

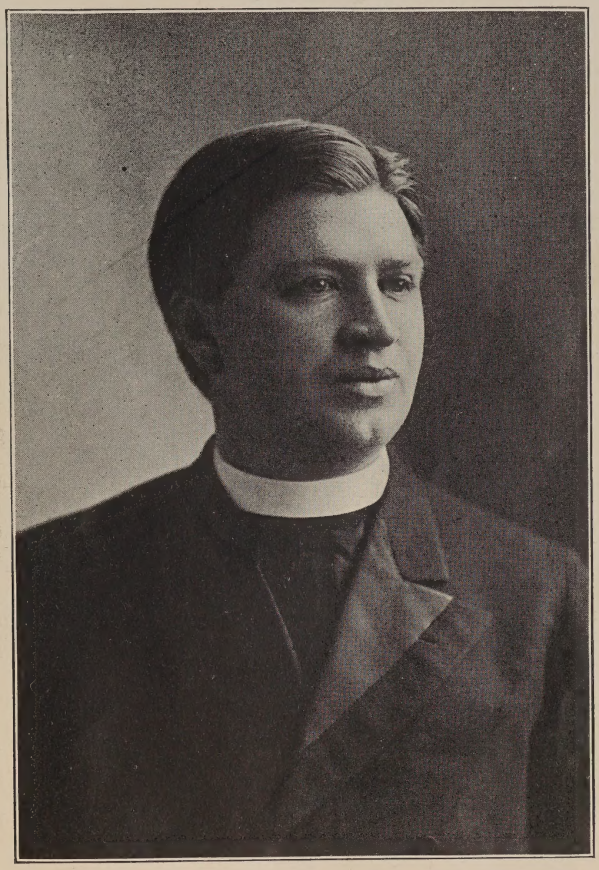
"In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Almighty and eternal God, we humbly beseech Thee mercifully to give ear to the prayers here offered by Thy servants in behalf of the whole nation. We humbly implore Thee to bless, to guide, and to direct the deliberations of this convention for the greater peace, security, and happiness of the whole people. We offer these prayers to the glory of Thy name and for our own good. Grant to us all peace, purity, and patriotism through Jesus Christ, our Lord, who taught us to pray to Thee, saying, Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread and forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us, and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil. Amen. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen."

Among the younger Catholic writers the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt is taking an enviable place as an essayist and a writer of short stories that every one wishes to read. No small art is employed in the production of what is known as a "good" short story, and an author who has a number of such stories to his credit may be considered to have won his place in the ranks of popular writers. About five years ago Father Blunt wrote for Donahoe's Magazine a story called "The Defeat of Glorianna McGinnis." It was replete with humor and set forth admirably the false ambition of a mother to have her daughter shine in what she considered high society. This little study from life proved so popular that it has been republished repeatedly, though in some cases neither author nor publisher received the credit due.

This story was followed by others that proved beyond doubt their author's skill in story telling. His readers will be glad to know that Father Blunt intends in the near future to collect his work in book form. This however, will not be his first book, as "The Boys of the Great Horn," a story of adventure for boys, is now on the press. It ran in serial form in *The Sunday Companion*, and immediately attracted the interest of young readers, who found the hero a comrade to their liking.

Father Blunt was born in Medway, Mass., and was educated in the schools of his native town. On the completion of the usual course he went to Boston College, and thence to St. Laurent College, Montreal. His ecclesiastical studies were completed at St. John's College, Brighton, in 1901, and he was ordained on December 20th of the same year. Shortly after ordination Father Blunt was appointed to Stoneham, but, after a few months, was transferred to St. Peter's Church, Dorchester, where he is at present, and where he is daily adding to the host of friends won by his genial manners and kindly helpful personality.

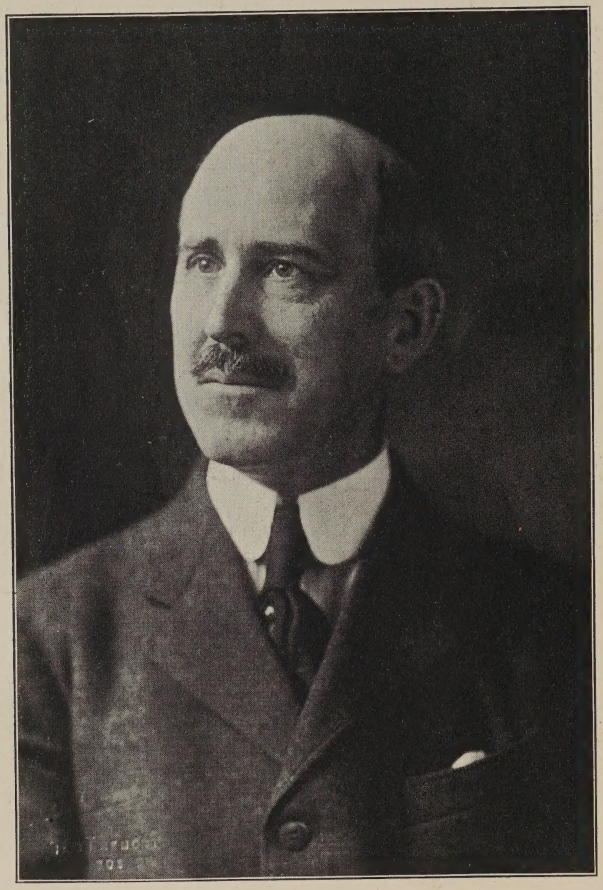
In addition to his parish duties and literary



REV. HUGH F. BLUNT.

work Father Blunt has also found time for the study of music. He is possessed of a fine voice, which has been heard to advantage in several American cities, where the gifted young priest has given his delightful talk on Irish music, illustrating each period by singing one or more songs of that era. He has also written a number of papers on Irish song writers and composers. His essay on Balfe, in honor of the centenary of Balfe's birth, was widely copied.

With his natural endowment of talent, his keen sense of humor, and fine appreciation of the best in his fellow men, Father Blunt is well equipped for his place in the literary world, and it is safe to predict that the coming years will list his name among the most successful Catholic writers of his time.



HENRY V. CUNNINGHAM.

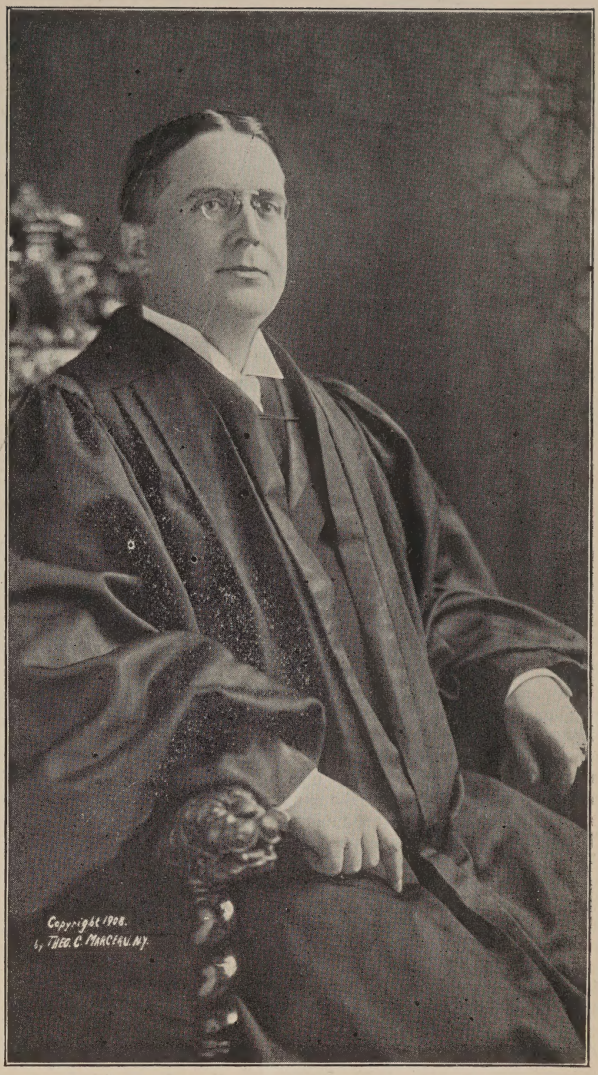
Mr. Henry V. Cunningham was recently honored by St. Francis Xavier's College, New York, with the degree of LL.D. His Grace, Archbishop Farley, presided at the exercises which were held in Carnegie Hall, and the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Lavelle, D.D., addressed the assembly. In conferring this honor on Mr. Cunningham, St. Francis Xavier's added lustre to the list of names associated with its career. Mr. Cunningham is widely known in his native state, Massachusetts, and particularly in Boston, where he has practiced law for a number of years.

He was born in Roxbury, attended the public schools, and made his law studies in Boston University.

He has filled many important positions of trust and if his friends could have had their way he would have been a candidate for the highest place in the city's gift — and no doubt a successful candidate, for he holds the esteem and respect of all classes of citizens.

Mr. Cunningham is chairman of the State Ballot Law Commission, he was president of the Alumni Sodality; has been a member of the Young Men's Catholic Association for years; and takes an active interest in the success of all

movements for the betterment of the people. He was honored with the degree of A.M. by Boston College. Readers of Donahoe's will be particularly interested in knowing that Mr. Cunningham is a cousin of the Rev. Francis A. Cunningham, Pastor of St. Mary's Church, Georgetown, (Mass.) whose series of papers, "The Struggle for Religious Liberty in France" has attracted wide-spread attention, being considered the most able documents—published in English—on the history of the Church in France. Mr. Cunningham's home-life is an ideal one. He married Miss Anna Madigan of Houlton, Me., and their union has been blessed with four children, three sons and a daughter.



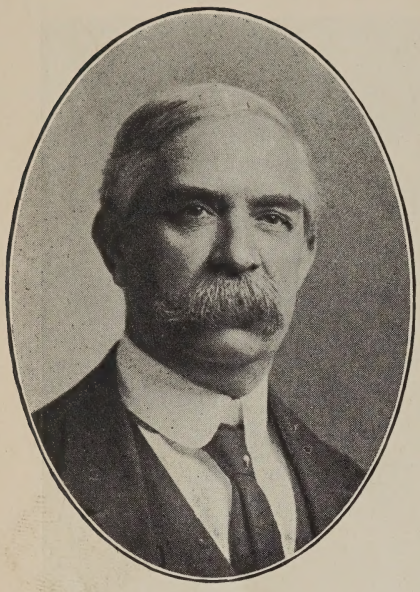
HON. VICTOR J. DOWLING.

The Hon. Victor J. Dowling, Justice of the New York Supreme Court, was born in New York in 1866. After leaving the public schools he attended successively De La Salle College, Philadelphia, St. Peter's School, De La Salle Institute, and Manhattan College, NewYork, receiving the degree A. B. from the last named institution in 1883. He also captured the Devlin prize for classics — an honor unusual for so young a student—the youngest graduate of his class. Mr. Dowling studied law in the offices of Judge James Fitzgerald, and at the University of the City of New York, where he took first prize for the best written and also the best oral examination, being the first student of the University to secure both prizes. He graduated in 1887 with the degree of LL. B. The following year he received the degree of A. M. from Manhattan College, and that of LL. D. from the same institution in 1906.

In 1887 Judge Dowling was admitted to the bar and showed such marked ability in his chosen profession that he soon became recognized as one of the foremost lawyers in New York.

Esteemed for his sound, practical judgment regarding affairs of state, Judge Dowling has been repeatedly honored by his fellow citizens. His splendid work in the various offices he has held, particularly that of State Senator, is remembered with appreciation and gratitude by the voters of the metropolis. In 1905 he was elected a Justice of the Supreme Court, a position for which he was universally recognized as admirably fitted.

Judge Dowling, who is a member and Past Grand Knight of Salve Regina Council of New York City, has been a vital force in the upbuilding of the Order in his state. He was the first Chairman of New York Chapter, the first Chairman of the Hospital Bed Fund Committee, and the First Master of the Fourth Degree for the first New York district. He also served on the Board of Directors and as a delegate to the National Convention. He was a District Deputy for four years.



JAMES A. FLAHERTY.

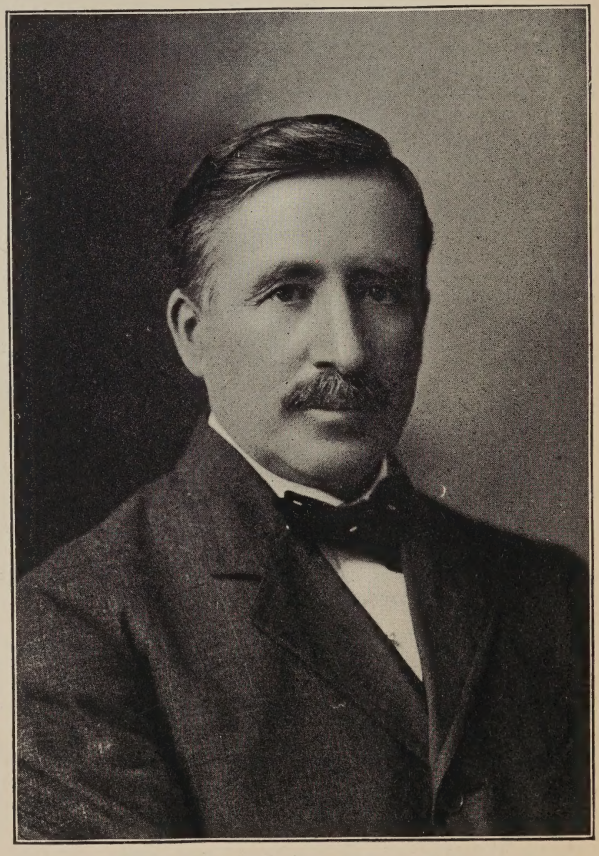
One of the chief works undertaken by the Knights of Columbus is to foster intellectual culture. They are succeeding admirably in their purpose. Thus, in the club house leased and occupied by the Philadelphia councils a notable feature of the equipment is the collection of books lining the walls of the spacious reception rooms. This collection was made chiefly by Mr. James A. Flaherty, Deputy Supreme Knight, who within a comparatively short time has brought together four thousand volumes, judiciously selected, and bearing on subjects that most concern Catholics. In his self-imposed task Mr. Flaherty was aided by Mr. John Joseph McVey, who brought to his assistance the experience of a life-time in publishing and selling books, and who presented a number of volumes, including two rare folio bibles.

Here is a place where leisure hours can be most profitably spent, and where the Knights can rest assured that only the choicest reading matter is available. Many rare works are in the cases, making a reference library the usefulness of which will increase as the years go on.

Mr. Flaherty was the first Grand Knight of Philadelphia Council, was later elected State Deputy for Pennsylvania, and is now in his second term as Deputy Supreme Knight. For twelve years before the Order was introduced into Philadelphia he was at the head of the Union of Catholic literary societies, and through his experience in this position realized the need of providing centres of intellectual culture. He is to be congratulated on the success of his work, and it is to be hoped that the example he has set will be widely followed.

The election of Mr. W. D. Dwyer, of St. Paul, Minn., as a National Director of the Knights of Columbus has given great satisfaction to his friends, who justly value his exceptional ability as an executive officer and leader. Mr. Dwyer was born in Liberty, N.Y., in 1859, and was educated in the public schools of that city. He graduated from the Albany Law School, and in 1885 he removed to Superior, Wis. Mr. Dwyer has been an enthusiastic member of the Knights of Columbus since its introduction into Wisconsin, and although he never sought any office he was elected State Deputy, a position in which he justified the wisdom of his supporters.

In his law practice Mr. Dwyer has been most successful. He is principal attorney for the Twin City Railway and administers the affairs of numerous important firms.



W. D. DWYER.

A DARING ENTERPRISE JUSTIFIED.

BY K. T. L.

How difficult, must have been the work of the editors who are offering to the world at large, Catholic and non-Catholic, the third volume of "*The Catholic Encyclopedia*"! Not only this week, nor this month, but next month, next year, and for generations to come the result of their labor and thought will challenge the criticism of scholars and specialists, not all of them favorably predisposed, some positively antipathetic by force of their own denominational circumstances. Upon the library shelves of Harvard, of Yale, of Princeton, in short, of every considerable university in the United States, to say nothing of the British Isles—where Protestants and agnostics gather intellectual force to assail Catholicism, this volume must stand with its fellows as the accredited expression of whatever the great body of Catholics in this twentieth century have to say for their faith, and for its effects upon human civilization. With the approval of the Archbishop of New York upon its title-page and the endorsement of the great majority of the American Episcopate implied or expressed in its list of contributors, in the list of stockholders of the enterprise, and in many other ways, no philosophical or theological antagonist of the Church can be held unreasonable who shall hereafter choose to treat the contents of this volume as at least a quasi-official declaration of current opinion among the most enlightened Catholics of this generation, as well as a measure of the highest development attained by contemporary Catholic learning.

In all these respects the third volume of "The Catholic Encyclopedia" will have to face an ordeal of criticism neither more nor less severe than that through which its two predecessors passed so successfully. But the third volume appears before the public with its own particular weight of responsibility and its own exalted anticipations to justify. If apologies had been needed for any shortcomings in the first and second volumes, the kindness of friendly critics, and even the generosity of fair-minded non-Catholics, would surely have found these apologies in the novel character of the work among works of reference and the absolutely unavoidable inexperience of the editors in a work of exactly this character. However, to judge by the chorus of approbation in which such diverse authorities as the New York "Evening Post," the London "Times," the London "Tablet," and the Dublin "Review" have harmonized, no apology was needed. The greatest theological and theologico-scientific articles of the first volume,—notable those of "Atheism" and "Agnosticism"—were received with unstinted, though surely not unmerited, praise. In the second volume, which, as "The Dublin Review" points out, is from the nature of the case so largely biographical the highest satisfaction has been generally expressed with the character of even the smallest articles, many of which present personalities that have never before been treated in any biographical work; while Father Thurston's delightful liturgical and antiquarian article, no less than such masterpieces of historical and critical exposition as the "Augustine of Hippo" article and the "Assyria" of our Oriental-born fellow-

citizen Gabriel Oussani, have been fairly accepted as both fresh and valuable contributions to popular information on topics less understood than they deserve to be. In addition to these separate merits, much praise has been bestowed upon the editors for their more especial work of selection and arrangement.

It is evident that, coming as the sequel of two such volumes, and to a public by this time accustomed to look for finished excellence at the hands of the editors, the third volume of "The Catholic Encyclopedia" will be judged with rigor on all sides. There is no reason—there could be no reason—for supposing that the utmost severity of criticism will develop anything but merit in the forth-coming volume. But when one considers all the anxiety that must be occasioned those responsible for the work—volume must follow volume, while a public unversed in the mysteries of book-production comments on the slowness of the process instead of wondering at the rapidity with which it is being carried out,—taking all these things into consideration, one wonders at the courage which prompted these five scholars (three priests and two laymen) to undertake such a task. A glance at the first volume, in which more than in the second appear the breadth and variety of the field to be dealt with,—suggests the immense difficulty of determining how far into the wilderness of "all things knowable" the Encyclopedia was to venture, what tracks of knowledge were to be covered and what passed over, how broadly or slightly each topic was to be treated, and to what headings the different facts belonged.

"The Catholic Encyclopedia" sells, unquestionably; as each new copy leaves the bindery a subscriber who has paid for it in advance is ready to take it and, this goes on through many thousand copies until the big advance subscription has been exhausted. But what underlies this commercial success? If "The Catholic Encyclopedia" found thousands of purchasers in advance and is adding scores and hundreds to its lists daily, the reason is simply because just such a work of reference was needed.

American Catholics had begun to deplore the fact that because most English-speaking people were not Catholics, therefore the true story of the Church's dominant relation to the great things of the white man's life must still be told by writers either indifferent or hostile to Catholicism. It was fortunate for us that the need of converting this vague consciousness of the Church's true secular function into an orderly historical knowledge became apparent to some of our leaders in New York. It has given us Americans of the Atlantic seaboard something to be proud of among our fellow-citizens of all creeds and among all nations.

Those who inaugurated this great work, which the Supreme Pontiff has so particularly and so abundantly favored with his blessing, evidently knew the need of it very much better than those for whom it was designed. That is, they did know better when they began the work. Now that one fifth of it is done, and done in such a fashion, the Catholics at large—the uninterested as well as the leaders—begin to see the justification of what was surely a stupendous enterprise. Indeed the wonder of it is, that the need had never been substantially realized until now.

PREACHED FORTY-NINE YEARS.

And Is Now as Vigorous and Robust as the Ordinary Man at Forty—a Stalwart Evangel of Good Health.

Discussion of the "secret of long life" occupies much space in the public press. It is a topic of ever-increasing popular interest. As the opportunities for the larger enjoyment of life multiply and expand, man naturally clings to life more tenaciously than ever. Every rational person wants to live long.

Time was when the discussion of this question was largely confined to doctors and scientific men. Their theories were elaborated in language that did not appeal to popular interest or understanding. Nowadays the science of prolonging life is being simplified for the masses. The laws of sane and sanitary living and the principles of dietetics are matters of common knowledge among all classes. No one can plead ignorance of the plain and simple laws of health. The doctor has no monopoly of this information. Nearly every person of average intelligence knows what he ought to eat and what he ought to avoid, what exercise is good for him and what is injurious, what will prevent contagion and what will invite disease.

One of those stalwart evangels of good health who has apparently found the secret of health and longevity is the Rev. A. J. Gregory, of Manasquan, N. J. Here is what he writes:

"I am in my seventy-ninth year, and since I was a young man have been troubled at times with indigestion, but for several years I have been using your Shredded Wheat, and it has been a great blessing to me. I am at present (apparently) in as vigorous and robust health as an ordinary man at forty. No bread of any kind that I ever ate is so easily digested; it's a real benediction to the world. I've preached forty-nine years."

This is one of those voluntary tributes which it is a pleasure to print. The Shredded Wheat Company has thousands of such letters. Shredded Wheat, which may be obtained of any grocer, is the ideal summer food for all kinds of people, because it contains more strength-giving material than meat or eggs and is much more easily digested. Two Shredded Wheat Biscuits (heated in the oven) served with milk or cream will supply all the energy needed for a half day's work.

The Popes and Science. By James J. Walsh, M.D., Ph.D., LL.D. Fordham University Press. New York.

In the present volume Dr. Walsh gives the history of the Papal relations to Science during the Middle Ages and down to our own time. He tells us in the preface: "For years, as a student and physician, I listened to remarks from teachers and professional friends as to the opposition of the Popes to science, until finally, and against my will, I came to believe that there had been many Papal documents issued which, intentionally or otherwise, hampered the progress of science. Interest in the history of medicine led me to investigate the subject for myself. To my surprise I found that the supposed Papal opposition to science was practically all founded on an exaggeration of the significance of the Galileo incident. As a matter of history, the Popes were as liberal patrons of science as of art. . . . In a word, I failed to find any trace of Papal opposition to true science in any form." These few words as to the scope of the book show that it will do much to refute the oft repeated calumny that the Church is the Mother of darkness and hates the light. Indeed, nearly all Dr. Walsh's writings and popular lectures have one glorious end in view, that they "may redound to the glory of Holy Mother Church and the universal appreciation of the beneficent mission of the Vicar of Christ upon earth."

An educated Catholic layman has a noble mission here in America. When shallow, worldly-minded Catholics see that a scientific man like Dr. Walsh is not ashamed of his faith, but on the contrary glories in it, they begin to realize practically that thorough faith is not incompatible with the highest form of intellectual culture, and that a loyal child of Mother Church need not apologize for simple faith or old-fashioned ways. Lecturers and writers of Dr. Walsh's stamp make the Catholic laity feel that they are in very truth the chosen people of God in modern times; that they have no cause to blush for devotion to a Church which has done so much to better the condition of humanity both in time and eternity.

Dr. Walsh is perhaps the most prolific of Catholic writers at the present day. He has already issued a dozen volumes in so many years, and others are soon to follow. Besides writing, he is in constant demand as a popular lecturer. He is acting Dean of Fordham University Medical School, he is professor of physiological psychology at St. Francis Xavier's and Cathedral Colleges, and lecturer on biology at the Catholic Summer School of America. Evidently he is a man of tireless activity. However, extremely rapid work is not an unalloyed blessing, inasmuch as it is inseparably connected with a certain amount of carelessness in matter or manner, in verifying statements or correcting loose sentences. We are glad to think that in the present case the writer's extraordinary talent and unusual application reduce to a minimum the defects which are apt to attend upon rapid work. May his pen and tongue continue active for many years to come.

The Doctrine of Modernism and its Refutation. By J. Godrycz, D.D., Ph.D., Utr. Jur. D. Philadelphia. Joseph McVey. Cloth 75 cents *net.*

The numerous titles appended to the author's name lead us to expect something good, nor are we disappointed. He knows how to be profound and clear, concise and thorough at the same time. He does not begin with a flash and end in smoke, nor does any subterraneous rumbling announce beforehand the birth of a mouse. He has thrown a great deal of light on the elusive question of Modernism. Whenever heresy is condemned by the Church, it becomes evasive at first and then defiant. We are still at the evasive stage of Modernism, which is the most subtle and dangerous stage for those who are wavering in their allegiance to the Vicar of Christ. The clear statement and solid arguments of the present work will do much to dissipate mist, and expose the spirit who lurks in darkness.

The author takes the teachings of Modernism as a unified system or theory, and lays bare its general and underlying principles, showing how their roots are imbedded in Positivism. The book is divided into six chapters, each of them treating of one of the chief features of the Modernistic theory. Thus we have a separate chapter devoted to each of the following headings: "Limits of Human Knowledge according to the Doctrine of Modernism;" "Origin of Religion according to Modernism;" "Relations between Science and Faith: Grace, The Sacraments;" "The Church and Dogma;" "Church and State;" The method followed is to give, first, a clear and impartial statement of the Modernistic position and then a demonstration of its utter inconsistency. The arguments are drawn not from theology but from reason and the sciences. In this way the author goes out to meet the Modernists on their own field and with their own weapons, by a series of arguments that are as interesting as they are convincing. They are original likewise, and make their appeal to all Christians, irrespective of creed or shade of belief, since they show that the doctrine of Modernism is the offspring of rationalism and the enemy of all revealed religion.

The book is one which treats a most important subject in a popular way, and commends itself as timely as well as instructive and interesting.

Mexico and Her People of To-day. By N. O. Winter: Boston, L. C. Page & Co. 1908.

Here is an extremely interesting account of a still more interesting people. To those who—led, more perhaps, by the pleasure to be derived from a charming literary production than by the desire to learn the historical facts of Mexico's

early history—have read Prescott's interesting account of the Conquest of Mexico, the book is welcome, promising as it does to give "reliable information concerning the customs and characteristics of the people of Mexico," both past and present. The matter has, indeed, been presented in a "readable form," and the author's hope that the volume might "aid in some way to a better understanding of Mexico by Americans," has, no doubt, been fulfilled.

But it is extremely unpleasant and distasteful even to one whose sympathies are not enlisted in her favor, to note the repeated and bitter attacks upon the Roman Catholic Church and her clergy, to which institution, as all who have followed Mexico's history closely know, she is indebted for all that she possesses to-day. The historical facts should be told, but amplification furnished by a ready imagination is not necessary, nay, is revolting to one who is looking for only those facts which find a place in the annals of the country.

Perhaps the author is only re-echoing the sentiments of some one or more of the various authorities to whom he has referred in the compilation of his history, when he says: "Education was in general left to the Church, but was neglected by that institution,"—one of those statements which should never be made without substantial proof and which, as evidently false, can be positively denied. Mexico's education has been attended to, and by whom, pray, if not by the members of that institution to which she owes so much?

Again, utter ignorance of the laws and customs of the Catholic Church in the matter of the canonization of her saints is shown in the following statement: "A few of the Aztec gods blossomed out as Christian saints soon after the conquest." He has given us no specific instance of such a "blossoming," unless he wishes us to infer as much when he calls "Our Lady of the Mists" and "Our Lady of the Rains," "saints of the Church." If so, we are simply in the presence of another example of pure ignorance of a pious custom existing among Catholics, of designating the same person, the Mother of God, by various titles.

But perhaps the most bitter and unfair of attacks, and one that savors of intense bigotry, is contained in the following paragraph which we quote in full, for the benefit of the fair-minded reader.

"The Catholic Church used to be all-powerful in Mexico. It held the wealth and the learning, and the priests *preyed* upon the people as well as *prayed* for them. They were taxed to the utmost, and 'Pay or pray' was the motto affixed to the cross by the priests. Rich men gave freely of their substance. Poor peons—and they are vastly in the majority—went clothed in rags that the Church might be benefited. The favorite method was by the sale of indulgences. General Thompson, United States Minister to Mexico in 1845, wrote as follows: 'As a means of raising money, I would not give the single institution of the Catholic religion (in Mexico) of Masses and indulgences for the benefit of the souls of the dead for the power of taxation possessed by any government. I remember that my washerwoman once asked me to lend her two dollars. I asked her what she wanted with it. She told me that there was a particular Mass to be said on that day which relieved the souls in purgatory from ten thousand years' torture and that she wished to secure the benefit for her mother.' It is like the harangue that so aroused Martin Luther: 'the very moment the money clicks on the bottom of the chest the soul escapes from purgatory and flies to Heaven! Bring your money, bring money, bring money!' "

Passing over the insipid play upon words in the first few lines and the assertions which, lightly made, can be as readily denied, we come to the statement which we thought had long since died of old age, regarding the sale of indulgences. . We are surprised to find this in so recent a book and sincerely hope that the author, before he quotes this statement again, will consult authorities who can be depended upon for their veracity and fairmindedness, rather than those who, neglecting the facts of history, or clothing them with the fanciful vagaries of their imaginations, impose upon the public a series of so-called facts, the only foundation of which is falsity.

It is sad that so interesting a book has been thus disfigured. The chapter entitled "Religious Forces" is a blot which makes the book most untrustworthy, and we ask a closer investigation of things Catholic as they were and are in Mexico, before a reprint of the history is made.

Pioneer Priests of North America, 1642–1710. By the Rev. T. J. Campbell, S. J. Fordham University Press, Fordham. New York. Price $1.60.

The present volume contains a brief but interesting account of eighteen missionaries who labored among the Iroquois Indians between the years 1642–1710. Though all these were very remarkable men and did heroic work in trying to civilize and Christianize the Redman, nevertheless, the majority of them are practically unknown, or at least they were so before Father Campbell rescued their name from oblivion. He has done a praiseworthy deed, and he was just the man to do it. He seems to be as much at home in those bygone days as if he were writing a centenary history of some great archdiocese along the Atlantic seaboard. Moreover, he has a happy way of blending the useful and the pleasant by throwing an atmosphere of romance about the dry facts of history.

His book cannot fail to be an inspiration and a solace, especially to the clergy, who are often inclined to lose heart when they find that results do not correspond to their zealous efforts. After all, the difficulties which impede the spread of the Gospel nowadays, here in the United States, are mere trifles when compared with the hardships and discouragements

which beset the path of our pioneer missionaries at every step. They frequently received treachery instead of gratitude, insults instead of reverence, death in place of hospitality and protection. They were men of heroic sanctity, and their story deserves careful study.

Cords of Adam. By the Rev. Thomas J. Gerard. Longmans, Green & Co. New York, London, Bombay and Calcutta. Price $1.50 *net.*

The aim of the foregoing work is to adjust the cords of Adam and the bonds of love that bind man to his Creator. Heresy of every kind has either tightened or released these bonds unduly. The professional hypocrites of old laid intolerable burdens on men's shoulders without so much as lifting a little finger to help them. The Scribes and Pharisees are not an extinct species. Their lineal descendants are legion. Against such men Father Gerard has written a valuable work. He takes up those questions which are apt to cause difficulty and suggest harsh thoughts about God, and he throws over all the spirit of Christ. The book is a happy union of devotion and apologetics, and as such will appeal to a large class of serious readers.

A Study in American Freemasonry. By Arthur Preuss. St. Louis, Mo. B. Herder. Price $1.50 *net.*

Mr. Preuss is Editor of the *Catholic Fortnightly Review*, and is well known for his orthodox and moderate opinions. His conclusion against Freemasonry will have all the more weight as coming from him. He draws the materials of his book chiefly from Masonic Standard American works. His Study deserves to be extensively read, particularly by those who hold that American Freemasonry is a purely benevolent institution, and admits all religions in a spirit of tolerance. Its professions of reverence for the Bible, for Christ and His Church are mere deceptions to catch the unwary. The author of the present volume concludes with the following warning and prediction: "As for us Catholics, if we remain longer in ignorance of the true character and aims of American esoteric Freemasonry, and neglect to take the proper precautions, in obedience to the oft-repeated warning of our Holy Mother the Church, it will serve us right if the Masons succeed in obtaining the balance of power in the United States as they hold it to-day in France, and treat us in America as our poor brethren are treated in that beautiful but unfortunate land."

The True Rationalism. By the Rev. M. Power, S. J. St. Louis, Mo. B. Herder.

Father Power has long been known to the Catholic world as a zealous apostle, who preached in season and out of season, in churches and out of them, on city square or village green, and who never needed to use a pulpit on account of his gigantic stature. We now know him as a philosopher. In the spring of the present year he delivered an interesting lecture in the University of Glasgow before St. Ninian's Society, on Rationalism, true and false. He considers the former tautology, and the latter a contradiction in terms. He says our conscious deliberate actions are either guided by reason or they are not. If they are, we are rationalists in a good sense; if not, we are fools. In the popular sense, a rationalist is one who exalts reason at the expense of Revelation. When the intellectual attitude of such a man is thoroughly analyzed, as it is in the present lecture, it is proved to be anything but rational. Father Power has a homely way of expressing metaphysical terms; he has a rare gift of bringing lofty truths down to the level of the man in the street, and what is more, down to the miner in the mine. Though physically he is compelled to lecture above the heads of his audience, intellectually he gets down to their level. This, of course, is not meant as a reflection on the intelligent audience whom he addressed at the University of Glasgow.

Priest and Parson: or Let us be One. By Rev. James H. Fogarty. New York. Christian Press Association Publishing Company.

In a brief preface the author tells us that the chief merit of the work lies in the fact that the material has been compiled from the most brilliant minds. The work as a whole deals with two principles: there is no place like the United States, and no church like the Catholic. The author contends that these sentiments are rapidly unifying and that they will soon possess the land. His firm conviction is that fifty years hence the centre of the English-speaking world shall be the national Capital, Washington, D. C., and the dominant religion of that same English-speaking civilization shall be that of the Catholic Church. This were a consummation devoutly to be wished. Judging from the style and enthusiasm of the book, the author is still a young man, and we may hope to see many other kindred works coming from his pen. Many of his figures are rather bold, his phrasing is sometimes harsh, and in general his composition lacks that ease and flow which come with time and practice. Let us take as a solitary instance the opening sentence of the book: "This Republic of ours, known to the wide world by the caption above, is indeed a land of much and many and of prestige peerless."

Lord Bacon vs. Scholastic Philosophy. By Rev. Michael Hogan, S. J. New York: The Catholic World Press.

Father Hogan has given us a pretty piece of refutation in the present pamphlet. He proves clearly that Lord Bacon was not only false but inconsistent in his charges against scholasticism. The gist of the essay is announced in the opening sentences.

"Those who have become eminent in the world of physical science, and are therefore well qualified to judge, declare that Lord Bacon was no scientist himself and that he was the father of scientists only because he successfully pleaded the cause of science.

"That pleading, moreover, he conducted with all the narrow prejudice and reckless exaggeration of a pronounced partisan, He was ignorant, as we shall see, of the bearing of deductive philosophy on physical science. His language is that of one who was not aware that without the intervention of metaphysics, physical theories are but mere abstract speculations, altogether destitute of the character of a science, and devoid of all relation to the world of fact."

The writer then goes on to state and refute the chief objections of Bacon against the ancient philosophers and the schoolmen. In the first place scholastic philosophy is accused of bowing down before authority and of producing a slavery of the intellect. Father Hogan cites several schoolmen to show that the reverse is true. It is a fundamental principle with them that nothing is to be admitted without a reason, and that a man's authority amounts to as much as his argument, and no more. Besides, authority has its proper sphere in communicating knowledge. The pronouncements of genius must be accepted in problems which are too intricate for the ordinary inquirer.

Again, scholastic philosophy is charged with having made no progress. If by lack of progress Bacon means lack of development, the charge is false. Scholastic philosophy has developed and progressed. If he means that its principles are unchangeable, then he is paying a compliment which he does not intend. "The unchanging character of deductive philosophy is derived mainly from three sources—the subject-matter with which it is concerned, the principles on which it is founded, and the assent which the mind gives to its conclusions."

A third indictment against the schoolmen is that their study has been barren, that they have been hair-splitting or building castles in Spain when they should be providing food and raiment for themselves and their fellowmen. First of all it is not true that the scholastics did nothing to advance the physical sciences, as Father Hogan proves by specific instances. Moreover, when Lord Bacon makes mere material utility the highest aim of study, he is deservedly reckoned as the father of a school which turns out agnostics and atheists by the thousand. Even pagan philosophers held that truth is to be sought for its own sake and, like virtue, is its own reward. Cardinal Newman has well said that Bacon aimed low, and in the littleness of his own moral being he but typified the intellectual narrowness of his school.

Father Hogan is to be congratulated on having produced such a masterly refutation. May he long continue to write similar ones in defence of truth.

The Characteristics of Modern Socialism. By Rev. John J. Ming, S.J. New York: Benziger Brother. Price $1.50.

When doctors disagree, who shall decide? When the champions and exponents of socialism are hopelessly at variance among themselves, the rank and file can hardly be expected to decide. This confusion is shared to some extent even by Catholic writers on the subject. Father Ming has thrown a great deal of light on a dark problem. He has dwelt especially on the moral and religious attitude of contemporary socialists, and he has said some very telling things against their pet theory. In his opinion, socialism disowns and hates religion, denies Christian dogma, condemns Christian worship, fosters immorality, attacks the Church, and would fain obliterate Christianity from the face of the earth.

The Favorite and Favors of the Sacred Heart. Translated from the French of L'Abbé L. C. Berry by a Sister of Mercy. New York: Christian Press Association Publishing Company. Price 75 cents net.

It has been said that the French are either demons or saints. The statement wears on its very face an exaggerated look; for there must be a large class between these two extremes in point of morality. Without attempting to settle such a broad question, we may safely admit that in asceticism French priests and nuns are pre-eminent. The French missionaries, as a whole, are the greatest apostles that the world has known, at least in modern times. In ascetical writing, too, the nations of the world must yield the palm to France, and they implicitly do so, as a matter of fact, by translating so extensively her spiritual books. Unfortunately many of these versions are far inferior to the original French. They are often done by people with more piety than education. We are glad to see that the present case is a notable exception. The translator has suppressed her name for private reasons; but she need not have done so through fear of harsh criticism. She has laid the English-speaking world under an obligation by furnishing a practical manual on devotion to the Sacred Heart. The book supplies for each day in June a meditation, a devout practice and an example of remarkable graces conferred by the Sacred Heart. The little volume should be helpful not only to contemplative souls and preachers, but also to the laity who can afford to give a few minutes daily to pious reading and mental prayer. The art of meditating according to the method of St. Ignatius is not so difficult as one might suppose. It consists in applying the three powers of the soul—to wit, the memory, the intellect and the will. The memory recalls the matter under consideration, the intellect reflects upon it, and the will is moved accordingly. People are unconsciously applying this method whenever they dwell on favors or brood over wrong. For instance, the memory recalls the gift of a friend, the intellect reasons about it, dwelling on all the circumstances that go to enhance its value, and the will is moved to acts of love in gratitude to the giver. Apply this method to the gifts of the Sacred Heart, and you have forthwith spiritual meditation or mental prayer.

The Catholic School System in the United States: Its Principles, Origin and Establishment. By Rev. J. A. Burns, C.S.C., Ph. D. New York: Benziger Brothers. Price $1.25.

The aim of the present volume is "to exhibit a coherent view of the Catholic school movement in the United States from the earliest times down to the great immigration period, which began about the year 1840. The characteristic feature of the movement during all this time was the steady effort to build and equip schools, provide teachers, and overcome fundamental difficulties, both from within and from without." The author seems well qualified for his task. He is himself a university man, and evidently he has made a special study of education. He is now President of Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C., and Vice-President of the Catholic Education Association. His book will appeal to educators in general and to members of the teaching orders in particular.

Which College for the Boy? Leading Types in American Education. By John Corbin. Boston and New York. Houghton, Mifflin and Company. Price $1.50 *net.*

The book above named selects half a dozen prominent institutions as types of American education. It deals with Princeton as a Collegiate University; with Harvard as a Germanized University; with Cornell as a Technical University; with Michigan as a Middle-Eastern University; with Chicago as a University by Enchantment; with Wisconsin as a Utilitarian University; with the Small College *versus* the University; and finally with the Agricultural College. The author, though for many years dramatic critic on the *New York Sun*, is eminently qualified to write on educational topics in general. He is himself a university man, being a graduate of Harvard. After graduating he spent some years in England, studying her systems of education at school and college and university. The results of his investigations have been published in two entertaining books: "An American at Oxford" and "Schoolboy Life in England." Mr. Corbin has also visited the American Universities of which he writes, and others of which he does not write, save incidentally. His material is, therefore, the result of personal observation, and as such it has all the reliability and credit which naturally belong to first-hand information. Moreover, the style is interesting, and there is a delicate humor to be found on almost every page. Of course, he is inclined to favor his Alma Mater, and nobody can blame him for that. Those who are not thus prejudiced will hardly be misled by his reasons. He lauds the President of Harvard University for introducing a system of eclectivism which is condemned by some of the most prominent educators in the country. It is notorious that the average college youth, if left to choose, will follow the line of least resistance, and get through the curriculum as easily and as quickly as he can. Wherever electivism has been introduced on a large scale in college life, it is carried to deplorable extremes.

Of Harvard the author says: "Almost from the outset it developed radical individualistic tendencies, which have ceaselessly gathered strength. Traditionally Unitarian, or as many consider agnostic, it has through centuries stood for reason and liberty as opposed to orthodox belief. Scientific in its methods of instruction, it has, for more than a generation, turned its back upon our native standards, which regard character and manners as of equal importance in education with the intellect. As Barrett Wendell once remarked, with as much truth as humor, 'Yale was founded fifty years after Harvard to counteract its radical tendencies, and has kept half a century behind ever since, until at last it has taken to beating Harvard in athletics.'" If the radical tendencies of education at Harvard result in denying the Divinity of Christ and other gospel truths equally plain, then Yale does well to remain half a century in the rear, and Catholic colleges may well remain a whole century behind agnosticism and infidelity. Mr. Corbin lays stress on the athletic spirit developed by his Alma Mater. She has certainly turned out many a winning team; and though her sons have been beaten occasionally by the Indians ,they did very well considering the short time they have been in the country as compared with the Redmen, the real native Americans.

The American Student in Paris. By Abbé Felix Klein. A. C. McClurg & Company, Chicago, 1908.

This American student makes a very desirable companion as he wanders through places visited by everybody—Paris, Versailles and Rouen, and quiet, out-of-the-way corners of Quercy, Tarn, and Auvergne where one can see, along with charming and curious landscapes, most striking types, and examples of ancient customs. The discussions deal with political and religious issues, notably the separation of Church and State, but they are never continued long enough to weary the reader.

The first view of the capital, the environs of Paris, the Trianon Gardens, the country of Joan of Arc, and the ways and means of reaching them, with little bright sketches of fellow-passengers and wayfarers, form the opening chapters.

Anecdotes of places and persons are pleasantly introduced, and frequently a pause is made to narrate an incident of the kind that one remembers. Thus, at the chapel in the Castle of Nalzac where the little boy half-opened the door to say "Bonsoir, mon Dieu;" The venerable Abbé Maubel had officiated here for more than thirty years, winning the love of his parishioners as their father and friend. "He has never had anything to do with politics, and some of his friends even reproach him with his indifference in such matters but without making the slightest impression. His politics consists in preaching the gospel to all, giving religious instruction and aid to souls, and relieving to

the best of his power their material necessities. His rule of life is given in the words 'God has told me to be the curé in Nalzac at the present time. Let me then do my best.'"

The student meets often with the curé of souls and on almost every occasion the encounter strengthens his admiration for the devoted French clergy struggling against tremendous difficulties to keep alive the spirit of faith.

A Torn Scrap Book. By Genevieve Irons. Longmans, Green & Company, New York. 1908. $1.00.

The talks and tales that make up this book illustrate the words of the Our Father, and were published with the intention of forming a sort of lesson-book to teach some little friends of the author the meaning and beauty of the words of the Lord's Prayer. Involuntarily the lessons took on the guise of stories, and Miss Irons decided to call the collection "A Torn Scrap Book." The Rev. Robert Hugh Benson contributes a preface in which he says that the Our Father is alike the prayer of the child and the Doctor of the Church. It embodies one of the few direct answers which Our Lord gave to His disciples' questionings. He compares it to a single jewel of seven facets. Dwelling earnestly on the work of teaching to children the truths of religion he says that the teacher must understand them or he can not teach, and he must love them or he can not persuade. The writer of the "Torn Scrap Book" evidently both understands and loves those for whom she writes, for she brings to bear faith, insight, knowledge of children's hearts, and skill in so expressing her thoughts that young minds will understand.

Mr. Crewe's Career. By Winston Churchill. The MacMillan Company, New York. 1908. $1.50.

In this latest book from Mr. Churchill's pen the romance is subordinate to the story of political strife, and therefore for the majority of readers it will not have the attraction so strongly felt in "Richard Carvel" and "The Crisis." Like "Coniston," the book is planned on a large scale, and there are at least a dozen persons taking prominent parts. Mr. Crewe is not an attractive character. He is a stout, red-faced, healthy, self-assertive young millionaire, with so good an opinion of himself that he thinks it is necessary for him merely to ask to get what he wants, whether he wishes to win Miss Victoria Flint as his wife, or to assume the governorship of the state. Austen Vane is a different type, a thoroughly manly man, retiring, and yet capable of asserting his power when occasion requires. The relations between him and his father, Judge Hilary Vane, are always in a strained condition, and yet a strong affection holds together the two dissimilar men. The charming Victoria flits in and out through the story, giving a touch of sentiment to situations that would otherwise be wearisome. From her first meeting with the Judge's son it is evident that he is the man who will win her loving, but wilful heart.

There is an abundance of incident and movement in "Mr. Crewe's Career," and some critics have decided that it is Mr. Churchill's best work — an opinion, however, that will not be readily accepted by that part of the reading public averse to a political arena as the stage for the acts in a love story.

Italica: Studies in Italian Life and Letters. By William Roscoe Thayer. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston. 1908.

Mr. Thayer in the preface tells us that this volume contains the byproducts of the last ten or twelve years, and that though necessarily fugitive in character they may still be considered to be message-bearers.

Unfortunately so many of the "messages" show marks of prejudice against and even dislike for the Church that Catholic readers will prefer to glean their impressions of Italy from less biased and therefore more reliable sources. Thus in the opening essay: "Fogazzaro and His Masterpiece," Mr. Thayer takes it on himself to censure the "myopic censors of the Index" for condemning "The Saint" as heretical. In his enthusiasm he makes the mistake of eulogizing the book in such words as these: "Nothing could be finer than the way in which Signor Fogazzaro depicts his zeal, his ecstasies, his visions, his depressions, his doubts; shows the physical and mental reactions, gives us in a word a study in religious morbid psychology—for, say what we will, such abnormalities are morbid—without rival in fiction." It is well that Catholics are so safeguarded in their reading as to have little leisure and less desire for the study of "religious morbid psychology," whether it predominate in the character of a saint or a sinner. Mr. Thayer asserts that the Jesuits have had the "Saint" put on the Index, —the latest crime attributed to this much maligned order.

The second essay "Venetian Legends and Pageants," is nothing short of offensive to Catholic readers. It is rather surprising in this enlightened age to find a man, whose opportunities have been liberal, guilty of such gross misrepresentation as we find in this essay. Not even the thin veneer of sarcastic humor disguises the true spirit that animates such a passage as this:

"So, from the ninth to the thirteenth century, every thrifty Venetian who traded to the Levant tucked away in his cargo the leg or arm, or at least a knuckle, of some saint, with which he enriched his parish church and assured to himself and his family a safe passage to heaven."

It was a waste of time to produce a book that will not be read by cultured Protestants and that can have no circulation at all among Catholics.

The Catholic Centenary as a Newspaper Man Saw It. By Augustin McNally. New York. Moffat, Yard & Company.

Mr. McNally did well to collect in book form

the account of the Catholic Centennial in New York—which he wrote for the *New York Tribune*. When the memory of that great event begins to grow dim, this record will be read with renewed interest, especially by those who were privileged to take part in such a celebration and to witness such a display of Catholic progress. The book is written in a breezy newspaper style, and the author is never at a loss for a word. As a specimen of his exuberant enthusiasm we give the dedication:

"DEDICATION

to the Most Reverend John M. Farley, D.D., Archbishop of New York, Assistant at the pontifical throne, the eminent churchman who rules the most important see in Christendom with wisdom and ever-increasing success, the devoted pastor, the friend of the poor, the staunch champion of Catholic education, the eloquent defender of the rights of the Church, whose personal attainments and exalted position make him an influential ecclesiastic, whose voice in public questions is heard with respect from the North to the South, from the Atlantic to the Pacific,—this modest record of the most memorable week in the history of Catholicism in America is humbly dedicated by the least of the million and a quarter that revere him as Archbishop, obey him as a spiritual ruler, follow him as a teacher and love him as a father."

Writing for the daily press is apt to bring on a lavish use of words, and make us spendthrifts in diction; and so we trust that reporters shall not be held as strictly responsible for idle words as other men.

The Marks of the Bear's Claws. By Rev. Henry J. Spalding, S.J. Benziger Brothers, New York. 85 cents.

Here is a book that the boys will welcome gladly. It is an out-of-door book, full of adventures, hair-breadth escapes, and travels by land and water. And best of all it is history, for it treats of the time of Father Marquette, and of the travels that resulted in such weighty discoveries. From the opening page in which Felix Lataupine is preparing the canoe for Father Marquette to start on his voyage of discovery, down to the last chapter where his companions bring to the mission of St. Ignace the sad news of the Father's death the interest never flags. It is one of the books that should find place in every boy's collection.

Barnaby Bright. By Rev. David Bearne, S.J. Volumes 1 and 2. Benziger Brothers, New York. 1908. 80 cents.
Father Mathew. By Katharine Tynan. Benziger Brothers, New York, 1908. 80 cents.

Under the title of "St. Nicholas' Series" this firm of New York publishers has issued the three volumes named above. They are edited by the Rev. Dom Bede Camm, O.S.B., and are admirably made up, well printed, and well bound. That they are interesting is understood, because Father Bearne and Katharine Tynan could not write anything that would not be interesting. Father Bearne is especially the boys' friend. He writes for them and he knows his readers so thoroughly that he never fails to please them. We are assured that they will find Barnaby Bright as acceptable a comrade as the other boys to whom the reverend author has introduced them in his earlier stories.

Katharine Tynan's life of Father Mathew is fascinating reading, as in her own delightful way she reviews his childhood and youth, his missionary years, and the events that marked Ireland's history while the temperance advocate was making his world-famed crusade.

Mystery Island. By Edward H. Hurst. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 1908.

A story which contains many an interesting, extraordinary, but, we must add, improbable detail. While the moral principles involved are, in the main, correct, still there is the oft-repeated, insidious suggestion to the man who finds his chosen partner and lot in life hard to bear, that the improbable may occur, and that death may rid him of the undesirable one, in place of the determination to bear for a higher motive the burden which is evidently his in life. In brief, we could have desired that a more Christian spirit pervade the whole story, and less of the spirit of fatalism.

In a Roundabout Way. By Clara Mulholland. Benziger Bros., New York. 1908. 75 cents.
Lois. By Emily Hickey. Benziger Bros., New York. 1908. $1.10.

Here are two books that girls will like to pack in their trunks when setting off on their vacation at country or seaside. They are companions who will make a quiet hour pass rapidly and pleasantly. Clara Mulholland is as well known to her American public as she is to young people abroad, and therefore Mave Gallagher, while reaching her right place, "in a roundabout way," will be followed by many admiring friends.

"Lois," too, proves most entertaining, and she has an even more chequered career than Mave's, but, like her, she comes into her own and the story ends happily — as all stories should.

Edgar Allen Poe. By John Macy. Small, Maynard & Company, Boston. 1908. 75 cents.

The publishers of the Beacon Biographies have added one more to the series—an excellent account of Edgar Allen Poe's life.

"The Life and Letters of Poe should be put together at this day by some one strong enough to ignore no fact and large enough not to follow too creepingly the surviving documents," says Mr. Macy. While waiting for this greater work it is well to have at hand the present little volume which undertakes no broad adjustment of the story of Poe, but follows briefly and conventionally from one to another of the topics usually discussed in more extended accounts. It seeks

to treat those topics with fairness to the subject and to give the reader a right view of the man as seen from modern days and interests.

The volume is equipped with a frontispiece portrait, a calendar of important dates, and a brief bibliography for direction in more extensive reading.

A Missionary's Notebook. By Rev. Richard W. Alexander. Catholic Standard and Times Publishing Company, Philadelphia. 1908. $1.00.

Narratives of human interest are always supremely attractive, and for this reason the life stories that the Rev. Richard W. Alexander tells in this book will have a large reading public. In his missionary experiences he has come in contact with a host of souls, and his notebook is rich in treasured tales of the lives of others. These stories also bear relation to the non-Catholic mission work and are the literary fruit of a religious movement that has awakened the interest of the most sincere and devout Catholics—the mission movement for non-Catholics. Father Alexander's stories are in some cases personal experiences, and others he has heard from brother missionaries—all being vouched for as true. They appeared first in the *Missionary* and had a wide circulation in the Catholic press. The keen interest manifested in them created a demand for their re-publication in book form.

It is the author's purpose to have them render aid in the pulpit, Sunday-school, academy, and parish library, and certainly no more touching experiences from life could be related to show God's love for souls and the opportunities He grants to those who seek them.

A Modern Prometheus. By Martha Gilbert Dickinson Bianchi. Duffield & Company, New York. 1908.

Written partially within the gates of Perugia "and beneath the shadows of the monastery of Assisi" this book contains many pleasing descriptions, but the author is not happy in her portrayal of the methods by which the Jesuits are supposed to make converts. It would be much better if she had not made the attempt at all. It is difficult to associate Perugia with the class of tourists capable of perpetrating "blasphemous pranks if coerced within Catholic precincts against their will." Father Bernardino, obeying the instructions of his Superior to bring the wealthy Protestant within the influence of the Church, may have given the author many hours of earnest thought, but to the Catholic reader he furnishes amusement only—so remote from actual conditions is the task assigned him by the author, and in the pursuit of which "even the prayers of his rosary forsook him in his extremity."

The Queen's Daughter. By Joseph F. Wynne. The Angelus Publishing Company, Detroit, Mich.

Every parish has a counterpart of Belle and Jessie and Alice, and many sodality girls, and other girls as well, will read with interest of the fortunes of these three young people and of their companions at work and at leisure.

"The Queen's Daughter," without at all attempting to preach, will do much good while pleasantly entertaining the reader.

Poems. By Edmund Basel. Nazareth Printing Office. Farmingdale, L.I. 1908.

The author of this book is best known for his Indian legends, but his many friends will be pleased to read his latest work. The present volume contains three lengthy poems. The first "The Fall of Castle Hapsburg" — describes the triumphs of the counts of Hapsburg until the year 1415, when their fortunes changed, and ruin overtook the castle. The other poems, "George Washington," and "Alexander Hamilton" tell stories that should be familiar to American readers. Young people will learn from them a chapter of history, taught in a most acceptable way.

Nemesis, and Other Short Stories. By S. A. Turk. Benziger Bros., New York. 1908.

The eight stories comprising this volume treat of a variety of subjects, but all possess in common an excellent moral for the edification of the young. Of course a great many things happen to the boys and girls in story-book life that do not happen in the real world, but this only makes a book more desirable, for one rather likes to get away from the ordinary routine, and to permit the imagination free play for an hour or so.

Where the Rainbow Touches the Ground. By John Henderson Miller. Funk & Wagnalls, New York. 1908. $1.00.

Mr. Miller has chosen Kansas for the scene of his story, and places a sturdy Kansan in the foreground, whose homely philosophy makes cheerful reading.

"The Haunted Temple" and Other Poems. By Edward Doyle. The Knickerbocker Press, New York.

This collection of verse expresses in a simple, tender way the thoughts of the author, whose mental vision is clear and true, though other sight has been denied him. Here and there in his lines one discerns the motive of the blind writer, and this fact lends pathetic interest to his verse, for it enables the reader to enter somewhat more closely into the experience of one so isolated. *The Independent* says of his work "that a thrill of genuine inspiration gives momentary elevation to the effect of his song," and that taking his misfortune into consideration "the conclusion is formed at once that here is a talent of high order working its way through the dark and remembering the light."

Borrowed From the Night. By Anna C. Minogue. P. J. Kenedy Company. New York. 1908.

That "Borrowed From the Night" is out in

book form is a bit of information that will be received with pleasure. Those who read the story when it appeared in DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE serially some years ago have not forgotten the keen interest it excited. In fact so keen was the interest that more than seven hundred letters were written in reply to a question—asked in DONAHOE'S—as to the fate of Preston Martins. It is a story of action, with a wealth of incident, and a plot unrivaled by that of any novel of recent years. It is unnecessary to say anything more about it here, but we would remind our readers that they should help to circulate it by telling their friends what a remarkable story it is.

Do this much for Miss Minogue's new book, and you will do a service for Catholic literature and help your friends to the enjoyment of as interesting exciting, and uplifting a story of American life as has been written in the last decade of years.

A REGISTER OF GOOD BOOKS.

There is a small periodical published ten times a year in Paris, 35 rue Boissy d' Anglais under the title of *Bibliographie du Bon Livre francais.* It suggests to mothers books fit for the family circle, serves as a guide to librarians and booksellers, and keeps publishers and authors informed as to the real requirements of the public.

To avoid giving encouragement to unhealthy curiosity only good books are mentioned, as they are published. Judicious reminders serve to rescue from oblivion any less recent work that is deemed worthy to escape the withering influence of time.

A word of praise is due to French mothers for heeding the note of alarm sounded a few years ago by M. Barrett Wendel in the "Dêbats," and for their patriotic courage in carrying on the campaign in spite of the scant encouragement received even from those most interested in their success. By vindicating the fair reputation of French literature in foreign lands they are contributing to its popularity, discouraging authors from writing bad books, and providing for their sons increased opportunities for good and wholesome reading. Already on several occasions American booksellers have sent them their congratulations and thanks, for they have found that with the help of the *Bibliographie du Bon Livre francais* they were able to make a better selection, thereby ensuring a readier sale for their books. But the best reward will be that in the course of a few years they will have contributed to a renovation of French morals and literature.

A History of the United States and its People. By Elroy M. Avery. Cleveland: The Burrows Brothers Company.

Mr. Avery is writing a detailed history of the United States in fifteen volumes, the fourth of which has just appeared. It is enriched by all the processes known to the engraver's art. It abounds in facsimiles and photographs of whatever is likely to interest the historian. Coins, medals, seals, relics, coats-of-arms, signatures, letters, proclamations, resolutions, colored maps of the early colonies, plans of battlefields, ancient almanacs and extinct newspapers, are to be found on every page. Though some of these miniatures can be deciphered only with the aid of a magnifying glass, nevertheless their general aspect has a certain educational value and an undoubted fascination even for the ordinary reader. The work is a monument to the energy of the writer and the skill of the publisher.

Christian Science before the Bar of Reason. By the Rev. L. A. Lambert, LL.D. New York. Christian Press Association Publishing Co.

It is said that the late Colonel Ingersoll, with all his eloquence, would never consent to meet Father Lambert in debate on a public platform. Had they met, the audience would have enjoyed an unusual treat. But failing that, the next best thing is to read Dr. Lambert's "Notes on Ingersoll." In that interesting volume the author improves on the old Socratic method. He employs wit and ridicule as the pagan philosopher never did and never could. He takes the words of the blatant infidel Ingersoll as a text, and gives a running commentary. In the present volume he uses the same method against Mr. W. D. McCrackan, the leading exponent of Christian Science in New York City. The result makes very spicy reading. Ridicule is perhaps the best way of exposing the latest fad in religion. The temple of Christian Science here in Boston, which cost over two million dollars, is a lasting monument to the credulity of the human race. Verily, what fools we mortals be! The wit and ridicule of the present volume may serve to restore fools to their senses, and bring sight to the blind. Meanwhile, Mrs. Eddy and Company are making money by the million.

The Necessity of Religion. A Lenten Course of Six Sermons. By the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Paul Stiegele. New York. Joseph F. Wagner. Price 40 cents.

This little volume comes before the world fortified by all the rites of ecclesiastical approbation. It bears the *imprimatur* of His Grace the Archbishop of New York, and the *nihil obstat* of the Deputed Censor. Apart from extrinsic approbation, the name of the author is enough to insure sound doctrine and clear treatment. When we hear a good sermon, we wish that it were printed so that we might read it over at our leisure. The present volume offers half a dozen good sermons, and all for a trifling expense.

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The latest publication produced by the Advertising Department of the Grand Trunk Railway System is a booklet descriptive of their line between Chicago and New York, through Ontario via Niagara Falls, also Chicago and Portland, via Toronto and Montreal, under the title "Trains 3 and 4." It pictures to the reader by concise description and well printed half tones the route of these two popular trains.

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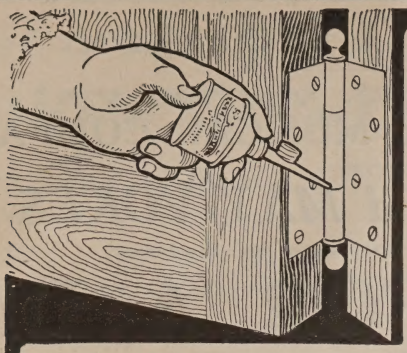

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To suggest that some persons cannot eat the raw strawberry as it comes from the garden without stomach distress may seem almost unpatriotic for every American thinks it a patriotic duty to eat strawberries whether they "agree" with him or not. It is a fact, however, that many persons cannot eat them without discomfort. The full enjoyment of this delicious berry is denied to thousands whose stomachs do not take kindly to the peculiar acid and the numberless little seeds which it contains. For these persons the soggy white flour dough of "short-cake" makes a bad matter even worse. Almost any person whose stomach has not gone out of business entirely can eat strawberries and Shredded Wheat Biscuit with perfect safety and fullest enjoyment. The best way to prepare them is to heat the Biscuit in an oven until the shreds are crisp, then crush a cavity in the top of the Biscuit and full this with the berries in their own juices; then pour milk or cream over it and sweeten to suit the taste. There is something about the porous shreds that neutralizes the fruit acid and the combination makes a most wholesome and delicious dish — more easily digested and much more nutritious than the ordinary short-cake.

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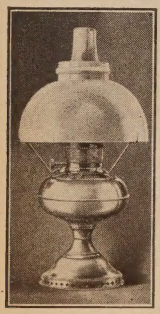

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